HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XI.—No. 569.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1867, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"THE PUMPKIN EFFIGY."

MANY of the quaint old customs prevalent in New England a few years ago are now almost forgotten, and many of the old autumn out-of-door and winter fireside sports are no longer observed by the rising generation, the majority of them being abandoned for the more popular "bees," in which such numbers of the country-folks throughout all parts of the land engage. Among the minor sports now but seldom practiced by the urchins of the country is that which we illustrate on this page, under the title of "The Pumpkin Effigy," and to which WHITTIER has alluded in his beautiful poem of "The Pumpkin," which we also give complete. The sport of the pastime consists in paring a pumpkin to resemble a human head, and placing a light within to illuminate it, suddenly expose the monster thus created to the view of passing persons, frequently to the very considerable horror of more youthful and more timid persons. The pastime came to this country from England, whence we naturally derive, with our blood and language, many others of our customs. The Fifth of November—"Guy Fawkes's Day"—is annually observed in England with something like this custom as it prevails here, though the effigies, which are called "Guy Fawkeses," are made of turnips instead of pumpkins, and being placed on a long stick, and attired in a long coat, are paraded about the streets. The "pumpkin effigies" as used in this country had no particular design, as those of England, and no other purpose than amusement, though the writer of this can remember an instance in which the use of one produced much terror and pain. "Pumpkin effigies" were little known in the South fifteen years ago, and the first appearance of one in the little country town in which the writer resided was, owing to certain unfortunate circumstances, long remembered and talked of. It was known that what was there called a "gang of negroes"—literally a chain-gang of slaves on their way further South—were to pass through the town that evening, and a number of mischievous urchins prepared a "pumpkin effigy," with which to frighten them and amuse themselves. The negroes had never seen such an object, and when it was suddenly displayed as they were passing they were panic-stricken, and fled in great fright. As they were handcuffed together at the wrist—men, women, and children alike—and united by a strong chain which ran the whole length of the file, they soon became confused in their flight, and the weaker ones were thrown to the ground and much bruised and injured. Their overseers, or "drivers" as they were called, on securing them, abused and maltreated them still further. "Pumpkin effigies" became thereafter very unpopular in that region of the South; but few seemed to think the originator of the evil was the individual who had thus bound the helpless creatures together.

The following is the poem by WHITTIER to which we have alluded. It is entitled

THE PUMPKIN.

Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,
Like that which o'er Nineveh's prophet once grew,
While he waited to know that his warning was true,
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

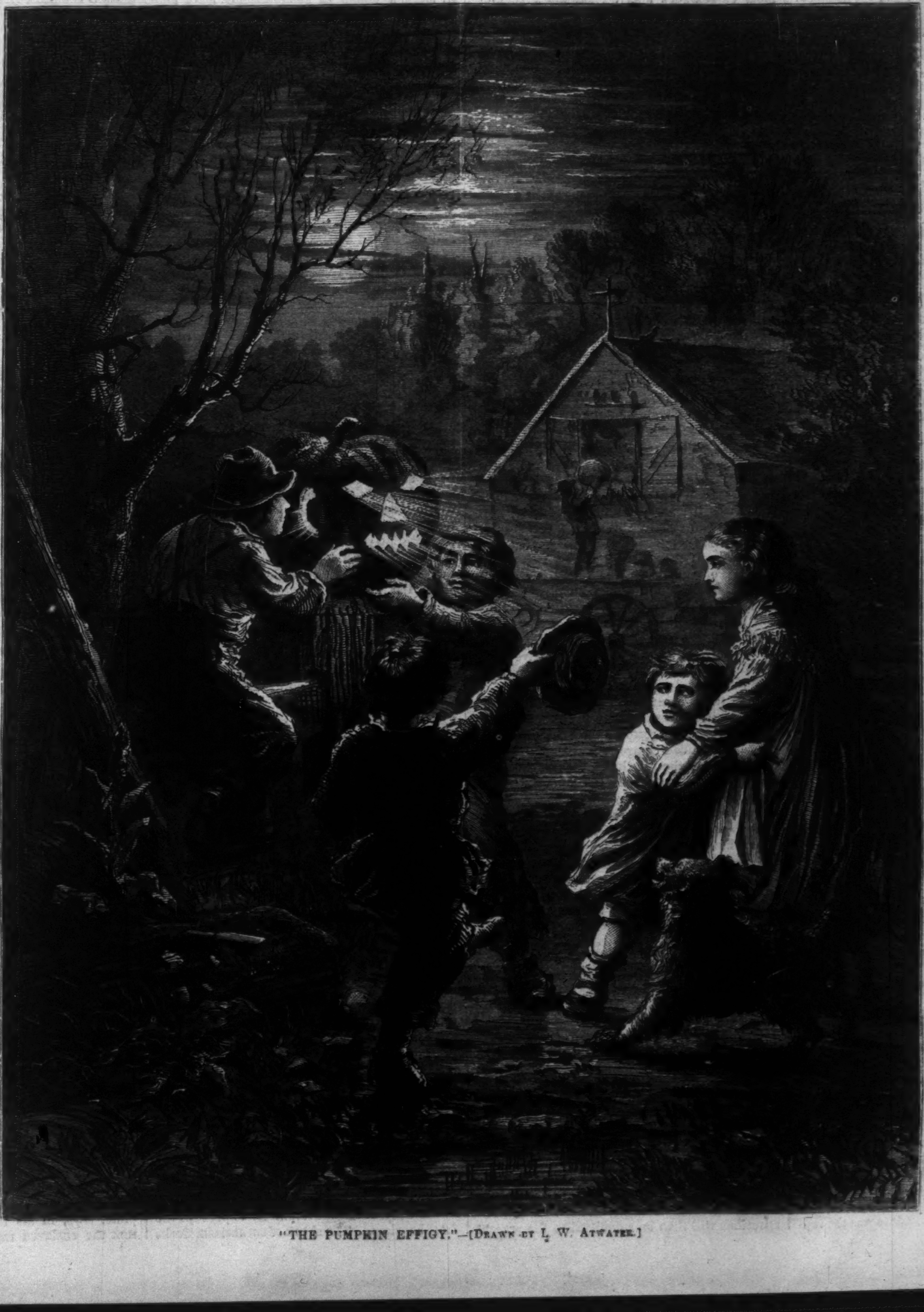
On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;
Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah!—on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within:
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less;
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

Our artist has chosen for the subject of his charming illustration the fruit as it is "loved of boyhood," and represented a merry group gathered around the "pumpkin effigy" in the barn-yard; and it is the fourth verse of the poem which refers more particularly to the pumpkin in this form.



"THE PUMPKIN EFFIGY."—[DRAWN BY L. W. ATWATER.]

THE BALLS OF PARIS.

THE Frenchman is pre-eminently a dancing animal. To appreciate him you must not only study the restless working of his brain, and the turbulent beating of his heart, but the sprightly movements of his feet. In fact, this last is about all that is left of him to study. The modern CÆSAR holds France so tight in his iron grasp that all liberty is quite squeezed out of it except that of jigging at its will. The Frenchman of our day, in the grasp of his cruel and resolute master, is like some snake so held and throttled by a firm and cunning hand that it can neither breathe nor sting but only wriggle an innocuous tail.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, profiting by the lessons of his ancient exemplars, the tyrants of Rome, takes care that uneasy Paris shall be so gorged with cheap bread and exhausted with pleasure that it may have neither the disposition nor the power to shake off the iron collar he has put on its neck.

It is well known that amusements of all kinds in the capital of France are greatly fostered by the present Government, and that a license, such as was never before conceded, is now allowed to the disheveled balls of Paris. LOUIS PHILIPPE, in concession to the moral respectability of his citizen friends, secured by his *gens d'armes* a public decorousness which has been designedly permitted by the Emperor NAPOLEON to relapse into the utmost licentiousness.

The Frenchman, as we have said, is a dancing animal, and, no longer in fear of a too inquisitive police, takes the full benefit of the imperial license, and indulges in a freedom of agility that must be seen to be appreciated. Such a vision is granted by our artist, who has caught Paris in the supreme crisis of its dancing frenzy, to every eye that may look upon his pictures, which are as faithful as truth.

The Mabille in summer and the Casino in

winter—for Paris ceases not to dance, whatever may be the season of the year—are the two principal balls to which foreign visitors chiefly resort, prompted, no doubt, by the commendable and philosophic motive of observing French life. That stern moralist, Mrs. STOWE, has shown the example and left a record on the moral pages of the *Independent* of her observations of the Terpsichorean phase of Parisian character as displayed at the Mabille. We can not hesitate to follow where her virtuous foot has so delicately trod. The foreign visitor, whoever he may be, whether Russian prince, Turkish mufti, English lord, or American citizen, is not long in Paris before he drives through the Place de la Concorde, with its gilded fountains pouring out their showers of diamonds glittering in the gas-light, and along the broad avenue of the Elysian Fields, to the gate which opens from that brilliant thoroughfare to the embowered garden of Mabille, all ablaze with illumination. Feeling secure in the presence of those vigilant guardians of order, the French police, he does not hesitate to enter. He feels an assured sense of security in the fact that the license within, however startling, is by imperial authority, and guarded by imperial soldiers and *gens d'armes*. He has therefore no anxiety about the safety of his watch, his person, or his pocket-handkerchief. They are under the special protection of the sabre and bayonet. His conscience and his morality are left to his own keeping.

Winding walks leading to sheltered nooks and gayly-painted kiosks, spouting fountains, blooming beds of flowers, grassy embankments, and a spreading shade of trees, with all their many colors glistening brilliantly in the variegated blaze of light, give to the garden a smiling and seductive aspect. A throng of those well-dressed, gracious, courteous, and miscellaneous men and women, native and foreign, that compose the gay multitude of Paris, is seen every where. Some are sauntering among the groves; some refreshing themselves with ices, wine, liquors, coffee, or beer, as the case may be; some are dancing; while most are watching, with curious eyes, every movement of the dancers, who, both male and female, seem stirred by the music and excitement to a perfect madness of motion. Such tension of muscular effort, such impossible agility, such audacious steps, and such unreserved revelations! It is said that some of the most active and agile of these dancing men and women are paid by the proprietors of the Mabille and Casino mostly for the delectation of the foreign visitors, who may thus be sure of having a view of those supreme efforts of agility which are to them the chief attractions. If the dancers are paid, they earn their money; for it is easy to see, by their intensity of muscular exertion, their panting breasts, the great drops of sweat which roll down their faces, and the breathless, limp, and exhausted state in which they are left after each dance, that they do their work thoroughly.

We shall not venture to look into the abyss on the brink of which these frenzied men and women are dancing, and this too curious crowd of spectators is treading. This is work for the severe and steady eye of the preacher and moralist.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1867.

THE POLITICAL YEAR.

THE elections of the year are now over. The result is that the Republicans have lost some of their States by large majorities; in all, except Iowa, their majorities have been reduced; and even when the Republican candidates have been elected, the equal suffrage amendment, if presented, has been defeated. What is the explanation of this sudden overthrow of the party which was so confident of permanent power, and whose general policy is unquestionably approved by the country as it is consonant with common sense?

Is it that the Republican party has not gone far enough? Is the country indignant because the President has not been impeached, or Southern property confiscated, or equal suffrage established by Congress throughout the country? Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS is understood to be of this opinion. But does he really suppose that public opinion can be coerced by law, and that if the people are opposed to a policy they can be made to support it if Congress only passes a bill? This may be the opinion of the sturdy Pennsylvanian, but his opinions are seldom those of his party or of the country. He is certainly not afraid to stand alone, and unquestionably he does so in thinking that the people have demanded more stringent measures.

Is it that the Republican party has gone too far, and that the country is of opinion that the unorganized States should have been left to reconstruct themselves? Nothing is easier than such an explanation. It is as easy as saying that any body's eyes can show him that the sun goes round the earth. But it is by no means a true and satisfactory explanation because it is easy. The Republican majority in Massachusetts is reduced some forty thousand. Yet we all know that except for the issue of prohibition Governor BULLOCK would have had as large a majority as ever. So in Wisconsin the Republican vote is reduced. And we know that CARL SCHURZ, a radical of the radicals, declined to stump the State because of some prohibitory issue. In California the corruption of which the Republican candidate was the representative was known, and the mere name of corruption hurts a Republican more than the fact a Democrat. In saying this we do not wish to be unjust; but in the State of New York there were various Republican bolts from "regular" candidates who were at least supposed to be tainted. How many Democrats in the city of New York refused to vote for known candidates of the ring? In New York the excise law and the canal frauds were also cardinal elements in the election. If there had been no prohibitory issue, no disgust with corrupt political intrigues, and the question of the elections had been simply the policy of equal rights as the law of reconstruction, it would undoubtedly have been approved.

The truth is, that probably every voter knows many Republicans who even voted against the party in order to admonish it. The number of Republicans who did not vote is also very large. Many voted under protest. And surely never was so cheerful a defeated party. "The best thing that could happen to us," "Just what we need," were very common expressions. The shrewder Democrats fully understand this, and they half deprecate their own victory, foreseeing its inevitable result.

That result is plain. The Republicans will trim ship; the Democrats will crowd sail. The success of a party always develops and strengthens its radical or extreme tendency. The country, it is said, is tired of Republican extremes. Very well; if it chooses it may try Democratic extremes. The Republican extreme is impeachment, confiscation, and equal rights secured by national law. The Democratic extreme is rebel reconstruction and repudiation. Do the elections mean approval of that? The Republicans, we say, will trim ship. We must remember that while many Republicans are good Temperance men we are not a Prohibition party. Many also favor a high tariff, but we are not a Protection party. Political parties must deal with paramount issues. The great vital necessity of the country, upon which all other interests depend, is reconstruction. It is to that, therefore, that the Republican party must address itself, and not wrangle by the way upon other questions that may or may not hereafter divide the country.

The Republican policy of reconstruction is already declared, and it is in operation. Its fundamental principle is the consent of the governed, expressed in the usual American manner, by the voice of the majority. A certain number of the governed are to have no vote because of conspicuous perjury and rebellion; but the disability is to be removed at any time by Congress. This policy can not be revoked without national dishonor and danger. Side issues may and should be dropped. Legislation should be calm and sagacious, lightening the public burden, and looking to immediate harmony. A narrow and fierce leadership should be promptly and plainly repudiated. But the policy of restoration, founded on equity and common-sense, must be maintained. That is not extravagant, nor fanatical, nor extreme. It reorganizes civil government upon the only acknowledged basis of a popular system. Just as strenuously as the Republican party opposed the extension of slavery into free territory, which was the paramount issue of 1860, must it insist upon equal rights as the corner-stone of reconstruction, which is the paramount issue of 1867. If the country is not ripe for it, it is a profound misfortune. But our duty is none the less plain. The country was not ready for a policy of non-extension in 1856. But the Republican party did not feel that it must therefore relinquish its faith and its policy. Had it done so nothing could have saved the United States from becoming a vast slave empire.

If in the present situation the party should abandon its national policy it yields to what? To a policy which restores the Southern States to the unqualified control of the most disaffected element of the population, disfranchises the freedmen, and repudiates the debt. The approval of such a policy by the country would be the condemnation of the war, and of the American doctrine of liberty and government.

We have the most unshaken confidence in the good sense of the American people, and therefore we do not suppose that they mean to write "fool" upon the brow of every supporter of the war, and upon the head-stone of every dead Union soldier.

THE SOUTHERN CONVENTIONS.

THOSE who wonder whether Congress will now repeal the Reconstruction bill and invite Mayor MONROE and Governor WISE and Governor PERRY and Mr. HILL and the other gentlemen who solemnly protest against that bill to reorganize the Southern States upon their own terms, do not reflect that the Reconstruction bill is already in operation. The Constitutional Convention of Alabama is in session. That of Louisiana will soon be. Those of the other States will follow. It may be assumed that their work will be accomplished and the Constitutions accepted or rejected by the voters of the States before many months. The Constitutions will then be submitted to the present Congress, and if approved the States will be restored to the Union and will take part in the Presidential election of next year. If any Constitution is not accepted by the voters of the State, that State will not vote in the Presidential election. If it is not approved by Congress the result for that State will be the same.

It is easy to see that if a good Constitution is adopted in any State and approved, and its Representatives and Senators are received in Congress, it will not be very easy to exclude the State again; and any party which proposes to do it will not be very popular with a nation which demands political tranquillity. On the other hand, if a good Constitution, establishing equal suffrage, providing for general education, and not favoring proscription or confiscation, shall be adopted by the State and disapproved by Congress, the party of the Congressional majority would be equally repudiated by the popular voice.

If, again, such a Constitution should be rejected in the State by a majority known to be largely composed of the disaffected element of the population against a loyal minority, and the rejection should be urged by any party in the other States, the country would be naturally indignant, and the State would find that it certainly had not hastened its restoration.

The question in the Southern States is therefore twofold—what kind of Constitution will the Conventions frame, and what is the probability of its acceptance by the registered voters?

We believe that the loyal men in the Southern States count us among their friends; certainly they have reason to do so. They will, perhaps, then believe us when we say that they could not do the cause of equal rights, of just government, and of national peace and union so cruel a wrong as by embodying class and personal hostility in the Constitutions they are about framing. They must remember that some risks must be taken. The very fundamental idea of a popular government is, that it is better to take the risk of a government resting upon the votes of all than of allowing a class to govern. If all male adults, freely voting, choose to limit the suffrage to those of a certain education, that is obviously not a class distinction in the usual sense, because it is not an arbitrary limitation, and allows any one who wishes to vote easily to do so.

But to disfranchise all, for instance, who favored the rebellion would be to create so large and disaffected a class as to imperil the peace of the State. No community with our political traditions will be tranquil when great numbers are disfranchised. One of two things will follow. The disfranchised will renounce political agitation and quietly submit, which can not be expected; or they will secretly intrigue, which is a greater danger than to suffer them to vote. The true policy of every government is to favor publicity of political action. In a popular system secrecy of such action, under whatever pretense, will justly excite suspicion; and a policy which necessarily encourages secrecy favors conspiracy. When the civil and political equality of all the citizens and freedom of debate are really secured in the fundamental law there is not a State at the South which might not more wisely trust itself to the chances or rapid development under it than under a proscriptive Constitution which aims to secure tranquillity by political exclusion. We have seen it suggested that the Alabama Convention might possibly adopt the Vermont Constitution as a model. In many essential respects it could not have a better.

The important point, it seems to us, which every Southern Convention ought to bear in mind is this: that the great controlling public opinion of the country will sustain any action which shows that the wish of the Convention is merely to found the State government upon the equal consent of the governed. Such a course is not only the sole one which is harmonious with the principle of our government, but it will strengthen the Republican party incalculably. If the contrary policy prevails, and the passions of the war instead of its principles are perpetuated in the proposed fundamental law, the sympathy of the country will be repelled, and our friends will have postponed their triumph.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

THE present European point of interest is Italy. But the telegrams are so confused and contradictory that it is difficult to understand more than the great results. There is no doubt that GARIBALDI and his followers have been routed, and that he is a prisoner of the King of Italy; but it is evident also that the Italian army did not fight the Garibaldians. Whether the Papal troops, or the French, or the two combined, defeated the volunteers is not clear.

It is now stated that the French and the Italian troops are both withdrawn from the Papal States; and some kind of negotiation will follow. As we supposed, the Pope is the weakest of all monarchs, but he can be dethroned only with very great difficulty. And of all movements to that end that of an enthusiastic body of Italian volunteers is perhaps the most hopeless. The shock of enthusiasm works wonders, but it is baffled by the steadiness of system, discipline, and numbers. Those who are disposed to take a gloomy view of Italian affairs, and to despond of the unity and regeneration of the country, should reflect that the late movement was not a rising of the Romans; it was an invasion. Apparently Rome did not so much as try to rise even when GARIBALDI was known to be within a dozen miles. This shows how rigid is the Papal police, but it also shows how strong is the reactionary party.

The recent history of Italy seems to prove that it is men like CAVOUR and RICASOLI rather than MAZZINI and GARIBALDI who secure the real advance of the nation. Or rather, the work of the latter is wholly abortive without the former. If GARIBALDI had succeeded in entering Rome, and had proclaimed the religion of NEWTON and of science from the Vatican, how long could he have remained? and if foreign powers had done nothing, was he likely to have established a practical, working government? An emotion is not a government. MAZZINI and GARIBALDI are like PETER THE HERMIT. It is their part to arouse the people, but popular progressive action must be organized by others. Unquestionably the man who has done most for Italy in our day is CAVOUR; but GARIBALDI could accuse CAVOUR of being the enemy of his country! Until the strong sense and discreet purpose of Italy unite with the devotion and enthusiasm of GARIBALDI, the melancholy spectacle of Aspromonte and Monte Rotondo will be constantly repeated.

The present disposition of the Roman question it is not easy to foresee. The natural solution is to leave Italy alone to work out her own destiny, and keep the Pope or dismiss him as the people may choose. But unluckily the Pope is not Italian, he is European; and as there is supposed to be a very vital relation between his traditional temporal royalty and his religious dignity, to dethrone the king is to lessen the Pope. But so long as the movement is one of Catholics it has a prospect of success; while it is of very little promise when it aims to dethrone the Papal king under a cry of Down with the Papacy.

Another curious difficulty of the situation is that GARIBALDI, who repudiates the Pope as Pope, leads a movement of Catholics against the Pope as king. GARIBALDI'S enemy has, therefore, a stronger hold upon GARIBALDI'S soldiers than the General himself; for the religious superstition of an ignorant Italian peasant is probably stronger than his political feeling. The peculiarity of the position is seen in the story reported from Rome to the London *Pall Mall Gazette*—a story which is intrinsically probable. The Pope went to the castle of St. Angelo to see some two hundred of the Garibaldian prisoners who were confined there. They fell upon their knees when he appeared, and he made particular inquiries as to their comfort and promised relief. Then the old man said to them kindly, and whoever remembers his peculiar benignity of aspect can imagine how effective his words and manner must have been: "My children, I am he whom your General calls the Vampyre of Italy."

It is not probable that the Pope will be dethroned as king until there is a general movement toward it of all Italians inside and outside of Rome. That would be a declaration which no power in Europe could rightfully question. But so long as the temporal fall of the Pope is a measure urged by a small body disowned by the Italian Government and unsupported by any evident general Italian sympathy the Holy Father is likely to retain his seat.

"LAPSING INTO BARBARISM."

WHEN President LINCOLN issued his preparatory proclamation we met an intelligent foreign minister who said, "Good Heaven! he means to stimulate insurrection and massacre!" Such a view was pardonable to a foreigner. The "Conservative" organs also echoed the cry in the most vociferous manner. "It is an incitement to murder, rape, pillage, anarchy." Such a cry was unspeakably contemptible in an American. For there was nothing in the history of the enslaved race to justify any such aspersion. Every precedent was against it. It was but another stroke of the "Conservative" tactics of exciting class and race jealousy. Croaking is an old weapon of prejudice.

Two years ago in England Mr. ROBERT LOWE said of the Reform Bill and the working classes: "Once give the men votes, and the machinery is ready to launch those votes in one compact mass upon the institutions and property of the country." He merely echoed in 1865 the similar Tory prophecies of 1832 in regard to the protective Factory Labor Acts and other reforms. It was said that they would reduce wages and diminish production, and that the workers would waste the leisure given them. The result has been that wages and production have increased, and a very large number of the workers make "excellent use of their leisure."

Did any body ever hear of the horrible insurrections and massacres that were to follow emancipation? Dr. DRAPER, who is no negrophile, says, in his History of the Civil War, that the enslaved race passed through the or deal of war, and from slavery to emancipation, unspotted by a crime.

The prophets who announced insurrection and universal massacre as the consequence of the personal freedom of the late slaves, are now very busily declaiming upon the "barbarism" which is to follow their political liberty. The freedmen vote, consequently the Southern States are to "lapse" into a savage condition. We do not share this apprehension. The Conservative prophets control the city of New York by more than sixty thousand majority, and an enormous multitude of them are quite as unfit voters in every way as the freedmen. Yet although under Conservative government the city "lapses" into the most outrageous corruption, it is not exactly "barbarism." We do not certainly consider slavery a good school for voters. But we are very sure it is a worse school for masters than for slaves. And if it has incapacitated the slaves, it has certainly not qualified the masters for political power.

But grant for a moment what the dismal prophets say, and then what? Equal liberty will barbarize the South. Then it will do what slavery did, that is all. Slavery barbarized the master-class more than the slave. But if you were satisfied with the barbarism of slavery, why object to that of liberty? What right has a man to be horror-stricken with the present prospect who never found any thing horrible in the abject degradation of the Southern States before the war? What could the present political majority in any Southern State, of whatever color it might be, do more and worse than to deprive the minority of liberty and every personal right, reduce them to chattel slavery, scourge them to work, and steal their wages, sell their wives and children, and justify it all as Christianity and sound political policy? And if it did this, what would it do but what the late political majority did? The great multitude of barbarous acts, of deeds that show a savage and degraded state of society during the last ten years in the Southern States, were the work of the master-class, not of the slaves. Who carved skulls into drinking-cups, and bones into bracelets? Who stimulated and sustained the unimaginable woes of the prison-pens? Those who did this insist that society will "lapse" into barbarism if those vote who went through the war without a crime. And the Conservative prophets who denied the bone-carving and extenuated Andersonville cry Amen.

Of course we do not justify barbarism by barbarism. But the simple question is, whether we do not promote it by giving all the political power in the Southern States to the late master-class, and whether we do not oppose a barbarizing tendency by giving every body an equal defense of all his rights. We fully comprehend the necessity of intelligence to a wise suffrage. But it is a sounder political policy in our situation to trust the intelligence of instinctive loyalty rather than the intelligence of intense hostility. Nor do we think that a government of colored citizens exclusively is desirable or politically safe in the Southern States. We have seen the consequences of an exclusively white government there. It was horrible injustice, barbarism, and bloody rebellion. We do not think a government exclusively of Baptists, or Methodists, or Presbyterians, would be safe or desirable in New York, and it is avoided by the enfranchisement of all citizens without regard to sect So it must be with color. There is no folly so suicidal as to disfranchise arbitrarily a half or even more of the population.

There would be no difficulty whatever in the political situation of the Southern States except for the folly of men of our own color. If they had said at once, "Slavery is gone, and with it go all political distinctions based upon it," there would have been no political division by color. And they would have said this if the course of the President had not stimulated the Copperhead element at the North, and through that the Southern rebel element, to believe that we meant to renounce our victory. But the colored citizens will now be found to be truly conservative. They have not elected colored Conventions exclusively, nor in great part. The Union majority has certainly shown no stronger preference for color than the Democrat majority elsewhere shows for foreign descent. The great and inevitable confusion of the South must have time to work itself clear. Every step will make the next easier by removing difficulties and shadows; and common-sense and the principles of free government will prevent barbarism in Georgia as in New York.

STOCKS AND GOLD.

Since November 1 the market has sustained another of those spasms of excitement which periodically occur to break its everyday monotony. The general course of the Stock Market has been toward firmness, taking its cue from the more cheerful disposition prevailing in commercial circles, although extraneous influences have operated to create a sort of panic among the holders of certain shares which have always been favorites either for investment or speculation. This is especially true of Pacific Mail.

The affairs of this gigantic Company, which have been for many months in a state of unrest, seem approaching a crisis which must soon determine its future management, as well as how the interests of shareholders are to be affected. Last spring we printed a sketch of this Company's operations from the date of its organization to the time that the last break occurred in March, in consequence of the reported failure of one of its principal stockholders through private speculation in its shares. Within the past few days, also, such statements and counter-statements have been published by the Directors and disaffected shareholders as have made the public quite familiar with the Company's operations. The latter complain, with a fair show of justification, that the management has been in the interest of heavy capitalists who are the leading Directors, to the detriment of common shareholders. They are now working energetically to remove Mr. M'Lane, the President, reduce the present salary of his office (which is equal to that of the President of the United States), and so conduct the Company's affairs that its enormous earnings shall inure to the greater immediate benefit of hungry shareholders whose dividends have latterly been materially cut down. This antagonism has naturally tended to depress the shares in the market, and a break of several per cent. has occurred—the quotations being now lower than for many months past.

In addition to Pacific Mail, special movements have occurred in that inevitable football Erie, Northwest Common, and Michigan Southern, the brokers being in a state of perplexity respecting the two first-named especially. An attempt to trace the course of the market to a satisfactory solution of these movements would be as tedious and difficult as the effort to thread a labyrinth. It is not the province of this journal to enter much into details of stock operations.

The decline in Gold of 5 per cent. has perhaps been the chief feature of the Market since the first of November. It is attributable in great part to the disbursements by the Treasurer of the November gold interest; but there are other causes even more potential. One is the returning confidence every where in the good faith of the Government, not only as respects the Five-Twenty bonds, but in all matters touching attempted repudiation. All the efforts of wild financial schemers to impair the credit of the Government, or to introduce so-called reforms which could not prove otherwise than extremely prejudicial, will be discountenanced or crushed in their incipiency. Another cause of the decline in gold is the brightening of the commercial prospect, with an already improved state of trade: also the evidences that milder counsels and a sounder financial policy will govern the deliberations of Congress at its next session. And still another cause is the adherence of Secretary M'Culloch to his theory of a gradual judicious contraction of the currency, coupled with the idea that is gaining ground that, so soon as the funding of the public debt is completed, the Secretary will bring forward a practical scheme for the speedy resumption of specie payments. It is noteworthy that all the persistent efforts in the Gold Room and outside to resist this decline in gold have been unavailing—even when assisted by the threats of war in Europe and the eccentric utterances of Hon. Thad Stevens and others who sustain his views. The tendency has been and is inevitably downward; the course of the Gold Market, and the influences that may affect it, will be watched with special interest the coming winter.

Government stocks continue in fair request, especially the Ten-Forties, which seem to be the favorites now in Germany, where the people have not yet recovered fully from the scare respecting the reported payment of the Five-Twenty interest in currency. The Ten-Forties bear only five per cent. interest; but the payment of the principal is nominated in the bond, which seems to satisfy them better than the Five-Twenty six per cent., with the contingency aforesaid.

Activity continues in converting the Seven-Thirties into Five-Twenties.

THE COTTON TAX.

The New York Chamber of Commerce, at a recent meeting, approved a resolution to abolish the tax on cotton, and appointed a committee to memorialize Congress accordingly. It will be borne in mind that the originally imposed tax of 3 per cent. has been reduced to 2½ per cent., under the provisions of the act which went into operation on September 1, a measure which met our expressed approval; but we still agree with those who advocate a continuance of the present tax, that as the South ought certainly to pay *something* toward canceling the great debt incurred in the rebellion, and as this is the only tax that can be collected there at present which will yield any considerable revenue, it ought to be continued in force until something better can be substituted. Last year it yielded $17,500,000. The income-tax paid there does not, it is stated, equal that collected in a single ward in New York city.

DR. WORTHINGTON HOOKER.

Dr. Worthington Hooker, who died recently in New Haven, at the age of sixty-one, was one of the most amiable, genial, and accomplished of men. He was Professor in the Medical school of Yale College, and a practicing physician, and was well and widely known as the author of a series of delightful and popular scientific works. Hooker's "First Book in Chemistry," his "Natural Philosophy," "Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," and "Geology and Mineralogy" are familiar to thousands of families, and are among the very best of elementary scientific works. The same simplicity and modest charm of manner which marked his personal intercourse also distinguished his books. In commemorating the virtues and learning of Dr. Hooker we pay a tribute to one who had been an occasional and most acceptable and effective co-worker in the columns of the *Weekly*.

THE NEWS-BOYS.

Have our readers ever talked with a New York news-boy? He is an American *gamin* as characteristic and individual as was Gavroche himself. Witty, shrewd, generous, and extravagant (when he has any thing to spend), kind to those who are poorer than he, knowing every trick of the streets, and able to take care of himself from six years of age on. He is never a child like the children of the better classes; and yet he has a child's weakness, and feels hunger, and cold, and nakedness. Before the beneficent charity of the News-Boys' Lodging-House was opened to him he slept in boxes, under stairways, on hay-barges, and in every possible place. One was known to have spent a winter in the *tubular pipes* of the Harlem iron bridge; another made a bedroom of an old locomotive; two others slept in a burnt-out safe in Wall Street. One said, on entering the Lodging-House, "Oh, Mr. Brace, there's nothin' like a *box o' sand* to keep warm in! you can snuggle down in it so! Next to that I likes the steam-gratin's!" The Lodging-House (at 128 Fulton Street) provided these lads comfortable beds, taught them habits of cleanliness, trained them to save their money, gave them school instruction and religious teaching, and, above all, showed them kindness and sympathy, and then started them in life by putting them in places in the country. Thus thousands who would have grown up as thieves or vagabonds were saved to the country.

An interesting illustration occurred lately of the influences of the Lodging-House. Mr. O'Connor, the excellent Superintendent, was taking a large party of the boys to place them on farms in Minnesota. They were on an up-river boat. It was discovered soon among the passengers that an aged and poor man on board had lost his pocket-book, containing $18. Search was made, but nothing was found, until at length one of the poorest of these lads, in an out-of-the-way part of the boat, discovered the wallet and returned it to the old man. The captain of the boat, hearing of it, took the boy by the hand, with tears in his eyes, and said, "God bless you, my boy! you'll make an honest man! I'll give you a place on this boat at once," and he offered him a good situation. But the boy said he was determined to make a farmer of himself. Another boy wrote lately from the West, inclosing some money, and asking Mr. O'Connor to make restitution in various places where he had committed petty thefts.

During the last year 8192 boys were inmates of the Lodging-House; 2926 of these were orphans, and 3904 half-orphans, 707 were rescued from vagrancy and placed in country homes, and 719 returned to their relatives and friends. 33,633 meals, and 49,519 lodgings have been furnished. During the fourteen years since its foundation, 323,488 lodgings, and 194,203 meals, have been furnished to these lads, of whom the whole number lodged is 48,910. In this time $14,501 70 have been deposited by the boys in the Savings' Bank of the rooms, and $14,739 74 have been paid by them toward the expenses of the Lodging-House.

The trustees of the Children's Aid Society desire now to make this beneficent charity permanent by procuring a suitable building for it, so that when they and the present supporters are gone there may be a lasting shelter and a place of refuge and of Christian instruction for the homeless children of New York. The present accommodations are not at all suitable for the large number of boys thronging to them. The building may be wanted for other purposes at any time, and it would be very difficult to find other rooms in that quarter. The Society proposes, therefore, to appeal to the public for contributions to found a *permanent Lodging-House* for News-Boys and Street-Boys of New York. It will be glad to receive for this object the smallest contribution of the poor, and it can not succeed without liberal ones from the rich.

All donations for a "Building Fund for the News-Boys," may be sent either to Wm. A. Booth, President of the Society, No. 95 Front Street; or to J. E. Williams, Treasurer, Metropolitan National Bank; or to C. L. Brace, Secretary Children's Aid Society, No. 8 East Fourth Street, New York.

LITERARY.

"The Champagne Country," by Robert Tomes. Dr. Tomes was lately our consul at Rheims, which is the very heart of the Champagne country; and in this vivid, sprightly, sparkling little bumper of a book he tells all the secrets of the lively wine, and the pleasant story of out-of-the-way travel in France. The consul devoted his official leisure and turned all his official opportunities to the best purpose. He has made a valuable report upon an industry in which the whole world is interested, and of which it has hitherto known very little. It was not difficult for an intelligent and courteous gentleman in his position to put himself upon the most friendly relations with the lords and ladies of the most famous French vineyards. Dr. Tomes tells us that there are thirteen millions of bottles of Champagne sent annually to market from Rheims and its neighborhood, of which quantity the United States takes at least two millions. England, Russia, and the East Indies receive each about the same quantity, and these countries, with the United States, are the four chief consumers. Yet the Doctor tells us that, although we get "good and wholesome" wine, it is of inferior quality to that sent elsewhere and to that which is retained for home consumption. Indeed, the first taste of the best liquor at the table of noted manufacturers convinced our author that all the Heidsieck, Mumm, Moet and Chandon, Clicquot and Roederet, he had ever drank were an extremely composite mixture. They "seemed to me to have been brewed in the same vat, of the same proportions of sirup, brandy, and soda water." There is plenty of information agreeably given in this modest little volume; and we wish that every fresh book of foreign experience showed the same open eye, ear, and mind as "The Champagne Country" of Dr. Tomes.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ELECTIONS.

State elections were held on November 5, in New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Minnesota. Four of the seven States were carried by the Republican party; the remaining three, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland, went for the Democrats by large majorities.

In New York State the Democratic ticket for State officers was chosen by a majority unofficially but doubtless reliably reported at nearly 50,000. The majority is without doubt over 40,000.

The Democratic majority in Maryland is estimated at 40,000; and large gains are conceded the same party in all the other States.

Massachusetts gave the Republican ticket a majority of over 20,000; Minnesota over 4000; and Wisconsin about 5000.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Alabama Reconstruction Convention met at Montgomery November 5. Eighty-two members were present, of whom fifty odd were old citizens of the State. E. W. Peck, a white man, was elected president, and the offices of assistant secretary and door-keeper were given to negroes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Serious food riots have occurred lately in Exeter and Axminster, England.

The ratifications of the treaty of peace between the United States and St. Domingo were exchanged on November 5.

A petition is in circulation among the people of the British colony of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, praying for annexation to the United States.

General Garibaldi on being captured was placed in prison in Piedmont, when he asked the protection of the United States Minister at Florence, claiming to be an American citizen. General La Marmora has announced to the French Government that he and his two sons will go to the United States.

The Sultan of Turkey has rejected the peace overtures of the European Powers for the settlement of the Capdian troubles.

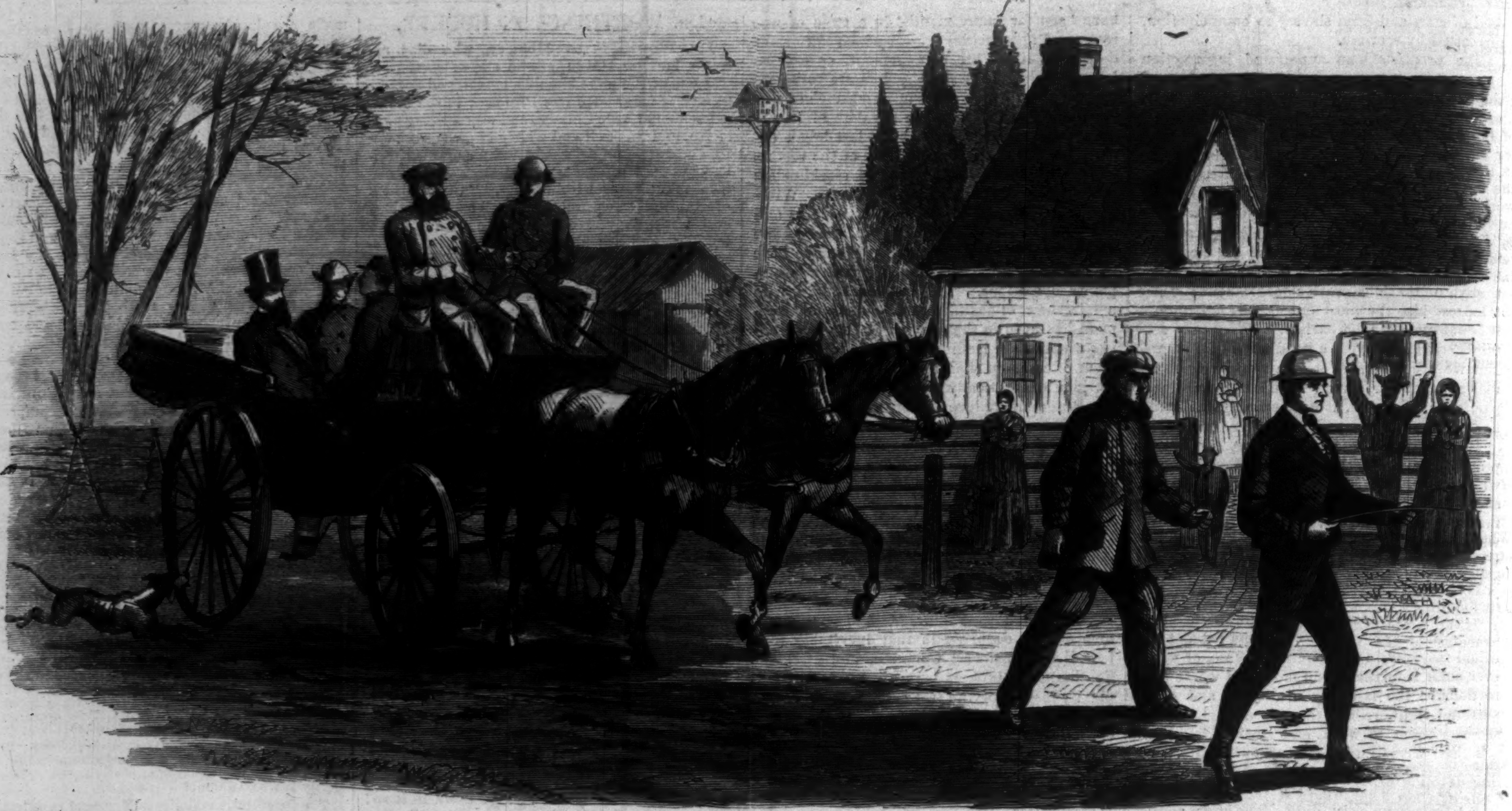
A hurricane in the West Indies on Oct. 29 destroyed eight millions of dollars worth of shipping and other property, and over five hundred human lives. Not a vessel in the harbor of Saint Thomas was left uninjured. Only one American vessel was lost.

WESTON THE PEDESTRIAN.

We give on page 740 of this Number of the *Weekly* a second engraving of the pedestrian Weston, now walking from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, Illinois, on a wager of $10,000 to accomplish the distance, 1237¼ miles in twenty-six secular days—thirty days in all. The present illustration shows the manner in which the walk is conducted, and was sketched by our artist at the time Weston was passing. He is accompanied, as will be seen from a glance at the engraving, by six men, five of whom ride in a coach engaged for the purpose, and the other of whom walks beside or near him. The six men share this labor between them, and are at the same time the judges in the contest.

Weston began this unparalleled feat in pedestrianism at noon on October 29. On November 9, at 2.45 P.M., he had reached Utica, New York, a distance, by his chosen route, of 487½ miles from Portland. He ought to have reached this point on November 8, and to have remained over on Sunday, the 10th, at Weedsport, seventy-six miles further on his way. The half-mile post on the route is Rochester, New York, where he was due on November 12, about noon. Half the allotted time expired at noon on November 13, when Weston calculated to be at Buffalo, New York, 692¾ miles on his way. Thus far, it will be seen, he is nearly a day behind his proposed time, and will have to struggle hard to make it up.

Two of the five chances which he has in which to make one hundred miles inside of twenty-four consecutive hours have been lost, Weston having failed in both efforts thus far made. Once he failed in consequence of the heaviness of the roads; the other was the result of injuries and detentions received from a crowd in one of the towns through which he passed. It is noteworthy that all along his route crowds of citizens have greeted and encouraged him. At Utica, New York, Mayor Wilson and a great concourse of people assembled to greet him, as if he were a conquering hero come. No feat of strength and endurance has ever attracted so much attention in this or any other country, and the "pluck" of the young pedestrian is every where admired.



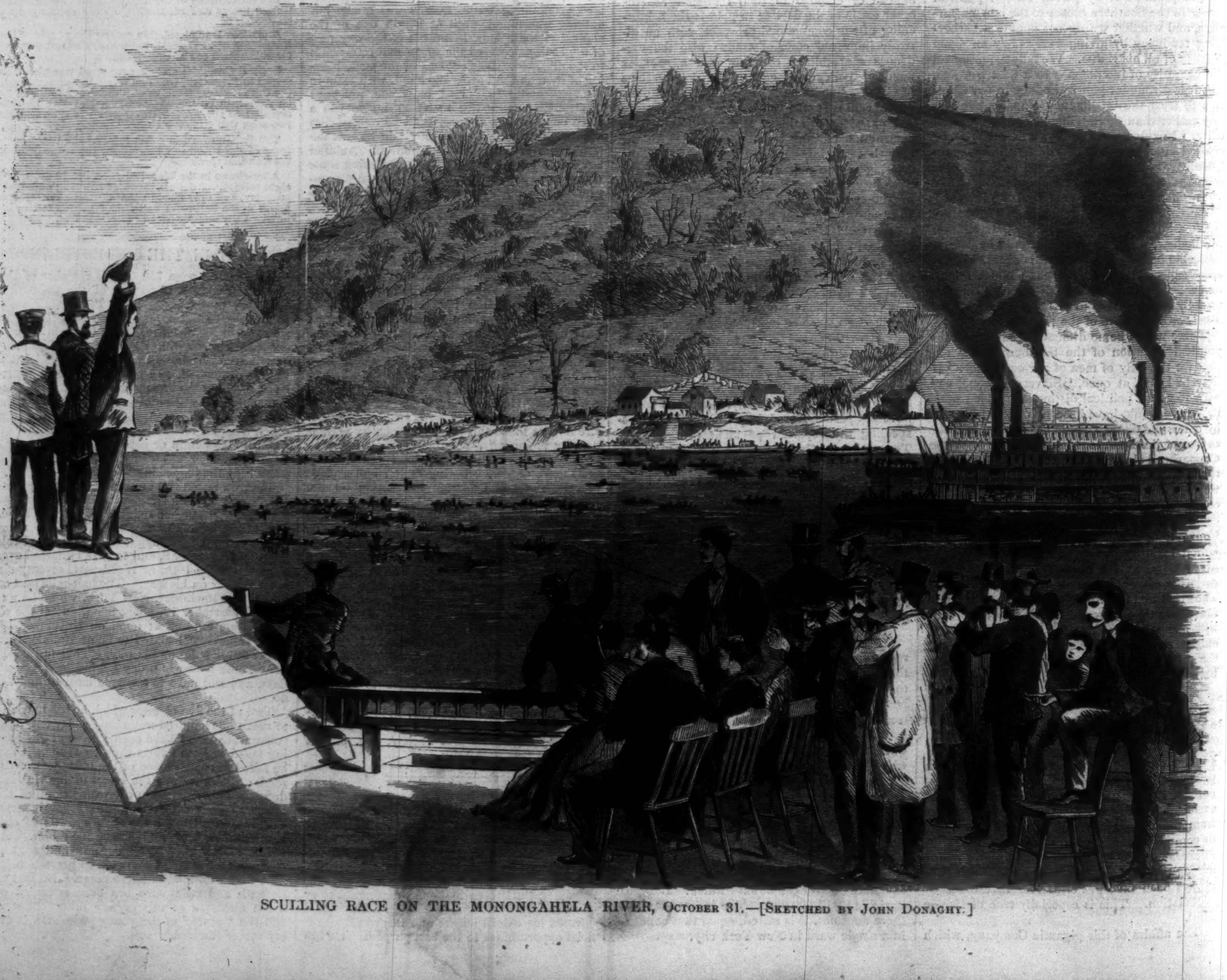
WESTON, THE PEDESTRIAN, ON THE ROAD—THE MANNER IN WHICH THE WALK IS CONDUCTED.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 739.]

SCULLING MATCH AT PITTSBURG.

We illustrate, as part of our history of the out-door sports of the country, the great five-mile sculling contest between Harry Coulter, of Manchester, and John Mekiel, of Cold Spring, New York, for a purse of $2000, which came off over the Upper Monongahela River, on October 31. The race was a most exciting one throughout. The contestants were followed over the entire length by steamboats and by smaller craft, and the friends of the two did their utmost to cheer on their particular favorites. Coulter's superior muscle, however, brought him off triumphant, as he reached the stake-boat eight lengths in advance. The distance was made by Coulter in 41 minutes and 51 seconds.

DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

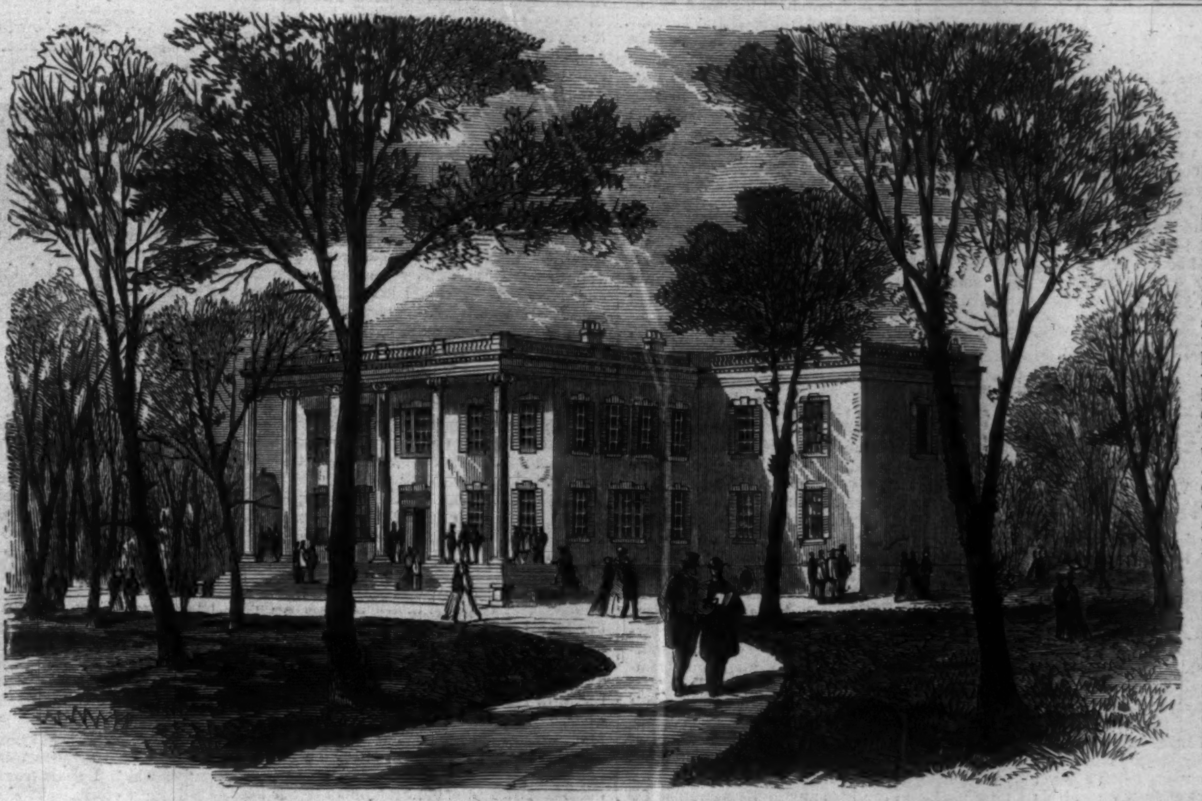
At the Centennial of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1866, Mr. Daniel Drew, of New York, announced his intention to endow a Seminary. The necessary steps were at once taken, with Mr. Drew's characteristic energy; an estate and the necessary buildings, at Madison, New Jersey, were purchased, and on November 6 the Seminary was formally opened. The estate is called "The Forest," and is twenty-eight miles from New York, on the Morris and Essex Railroad. The buildings are very large, and include a dormitory, a club-house and dining-room, a chapel, and a library. The grounds are very tastefully laid out. It is the intention of Mr. Drew to endow the institution with $250,000 as soon as the charter is obtained next winter, and a further sum of $100,000 will be expended upon a library and other appurtenances, swelling the entire gift to half a million. The dedicatory services embraced addresses by Bishops Simpson, Ames, and Janes, and Rev. Doctors Porter, M'Clintock, and others. Rev. Dr. M'Clintock will be the first President of the Institute. When all the buildings shall have been completed and furnished the cost will have reached over half a million dollars. We give on page 741 an engraving of the Seminary.



SCULLING RACE ON THE MONONGAHELA RIVER, October 31.—[Sketched by John Donaghy.]

REV. NEWMAN HALL.

Next to Mr. Spurgeon, the most popular preacher of the Gospel in England is the Rev. Newman Hall. To him the working classes of London are indebted for most faithful efforts in their behalf; to him the whole Christian world owes that brief, powerful treatise, *Come to Jesus;* to him the temperance cause owes the influence of an earnest advocacy; to him the American people owe a great debt of gratitude for his eloquent defenses of the *Union* and *Emancipation* before the British public through the late conflict. He was our unflinching advocate from first to last. Week after week he defended our cause from the pulpit and the platform. When Mr. Gladstone uttered his famous declaration that "Jefferson Davis had succeeded in founding a nation," Mr. Hall wrote to the Chancellor of the Exchequer so powerful a reply to the unfortunate assertion that Mr. Gladstone laid the reply before the British Cabinet at an official meeting. After six years of untiring devotion to American freedom the pastor of Surrey Chapel has come over to receive the first installment of our country's gratitude. He has had a more remarkable reception than any British clergyman since the days of Whitfield.



THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MADISON, NEW JERSEY.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 740.]

Newman Hall was born at Maidstone, England, on the 22d of May, 1816. His father was the late John Vine Hall, famous through Britain as the author of the "Sinner's Friend." His biography has had a wide circulation in America. One of Newman Hall's elder brothers, Captain Vine Hall, was the first commander of the *Great Eastern.* His mother was the "pretty Mary Teverill" whom John Vine Hall, then a wild youth, met and fell in love with at first sight at a chapel-door in Worcester. She is still living—a sprightly matron of over four-score.

Rev. Newman Hall was the fourth child of his parents. While an infant his nurse playfully called him "little *new-come.*" This suggested to his father to name him *Newman,* after the son of an intimate friend. His early life was spent at Maidstone, and he pursued the study of the law very thoroughly, and obtained an honorary degree.

Twenty-five years ago Mr. Hall left his secular profession to enter the Congregational ministry. He said to himself, "I don't feel as if business would call out my greatest energies, and I want to address my fellow-men to *persuade them to Christ.*" This has been the key-note of his ministry. He does not preach *subjectively,* like Mr. Beecher, dissecting human nature; but objectively presents Jesus to the eye of his audience continually.

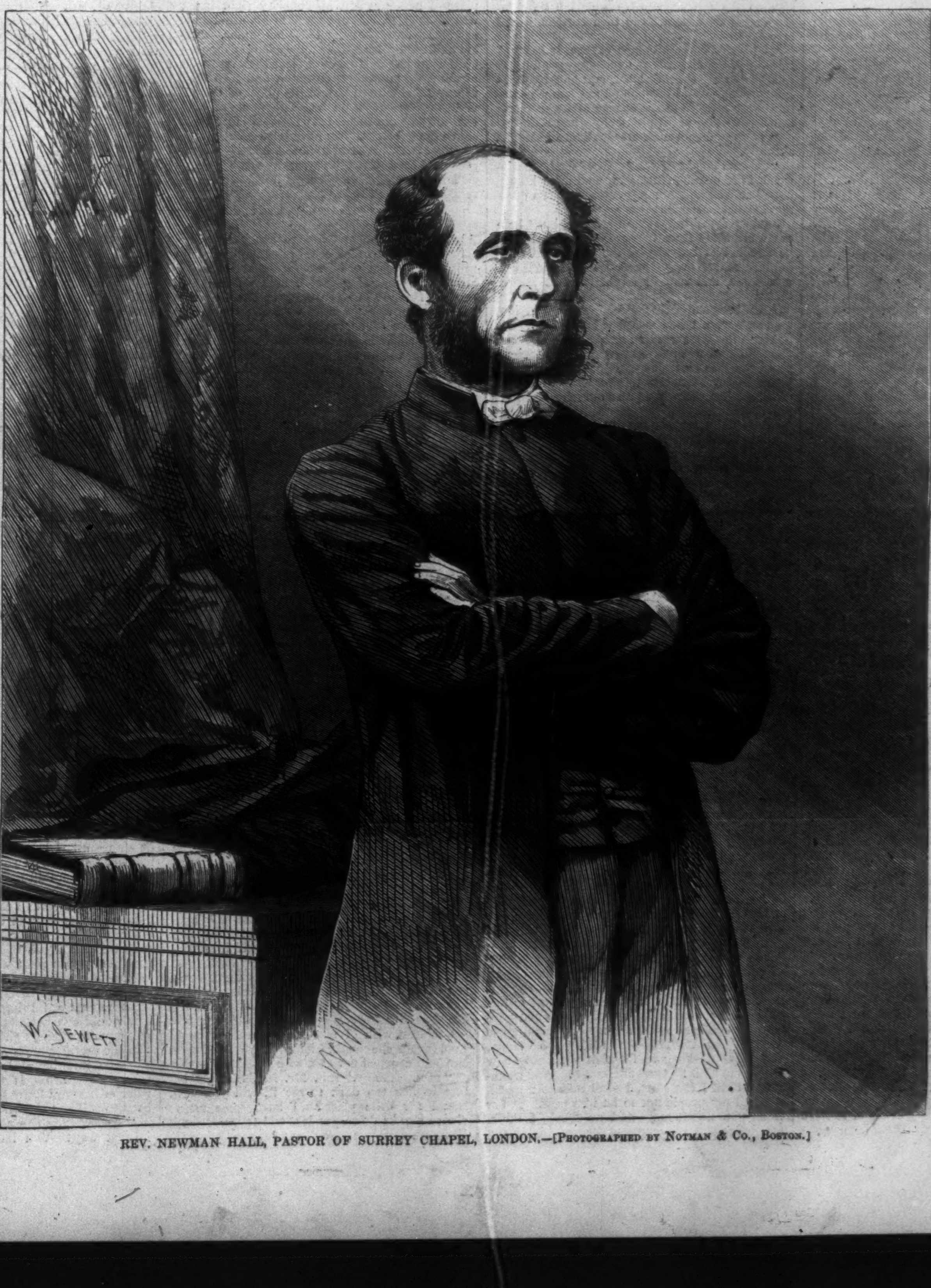
He began his ministry at Hull. A discourse on the words "Strive to enter in at the strait gate," delivered at the opening of a new chapel, secured him a call to the chapel at once. He preached the same sermon in Dr. Cuyler's church a few Sundays since. In 1854 he was invited to the famous Surrey Chapel, which was built for Rowland Hill in 1793. It stands near Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, in a region thronged by the poorest of the laboring classes. Among this class he has labored with extraordinary success.

Mr. Hall preaches to an average congregation of twenty-five hundred; and his church numbers fourteen hundred communicants. On Monday evening the chapel is opened for a popular lecture to the working classes on such topics as chemistry, history, and the American war. Monthly mass-meetings for temperance have been maintained for twelve years with great success. A prayer-book is used at the Sabbath services, although Mr. Hall has been the President of the British Congregational Union, and is a stanch opponent of church-establishments. Amidst his vast parochial duties he has found time to write several popular works. His celebrated little treatise, *Come to Jesus,* has reached a sale of over two millions of copies! At home he averages five sermons a week, and since he has been in America has delivered fifty sermons in a month. In Brooklyn he addressed ten thousand people on a single Sabbath, and after the fourth sermon showed no symptom of fatigue. "I nurse myself," said he, "in the morning as I would a horse at the beginning of a forty-mile drive; but I put on the whip on the last stretch." He is a rigid teetotaler, and in London walks a dozen miles on every Sunday.

Mr. Hall's reception in America has been a complete ovation. Such citizens as Longfellow, Sumner, Beecher, and Mrs. Stowe have been his entertainers; and the leading churches have been thronged to listen to his tender and beautiful discourses. The New York Stock Board invited him to address them, received his speech with hearty applause, and then struck up "God save the Queen!" "Only think," said he to us, "of the London Stock Exchange suspending their business to listen to a parson!" No other British clergyman has earned such a compliment from American civilians. He expects to preach before the Houses of Congress at Washington before his departure.

Mr. Hall is a slender, wiry man of five feet eleven, of great muscular strength and prodigious capacity of endurance. He is an easy worker, and a graceful, fluent speaker. In delivering his powerful address on "America and England" he used a brief; but most of his best efforts have been entirely extemporaneous. He acquired the habit of off-hand speaking by shutting himself up in a room and addressing an imaginary audience for fifteen minutes every day. While he was speaking before the Union Theological Seminary he was disturbed by the janitor's coming in to light the gas on the rostrum. He stopped, struck up a hymn, offered a brief prayer, and having thus collected his thoughts, went forward with an address of great finish and beauty.

The secret of this distinguished preacher's success seems to lie in three or four effective qualities. He is a true man, of noble sympathies, and has prodigious *heart-power.* He has great simplicity of speech, using Spurgeon's nervous, homely English without Spurgeon's occasional coarseness. His speeches and sermons are characterized by a rare *tact* that seldom makes a false step. No diplomatist could have woven a more skillful argument



REV. NEWMAN HALL, PASTOR OF SURREY CHAPEL, LONDON.—[Photographed by Notman & Co., Boston.]

in behalf of Great Britain than did Mr. HALL in his lecture on the relations of his native land to ours during the late struggle. If England ever finds herself embarrassed in her diplomacy with America we would recommend her to send as her embassador the warm-hearted and honey-tongued pastor of Surrey Chapel.

The memory of his sweet persuasive voice and rich evangelical discourses will long linger with our countrymen. He has come as a messenger of peace between the two great nations of Christendom. The benedictions of our people will follow him to his home; and among all the philanthropists who have visited our shores not one has left a more beloved and honored name than NEWMAN HALL.

MABEL'S PROGRESS.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

Book VI.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXPLANATORY.

JACK's unremitting exertions, guided by the practical common-sense and single-mindedness which he inherited from his mother, had succeeded in discovering Walter Charlewood's whereabouts. The clew afforded by poor Corda's letter, which led to the detection of her brother's anonymous calumnies, had set Jack thinking of Alfred Trescott. It had not been difficult to discover, on inquiry, that Alfred had been a frequent associate and companion of Walter during a great part of the time that the Charlewoods had passed in London.

"The idea of seeking any information about my brother from young Trescott never entered my head," said Clement, when Jack uttered his opinion that it might be well to set a watch on Alfred as a means of tracing the missing Walter. "I did not even know that they had met since we came to town."

"No; I dare say not," said Jack, "but that is not hard to account for, is it? Your brother knew pretty well, I suppose, that that double-distilled young scoundrel was not exactly the sort of companion you would approve of for him."

"True. And I had often warned Walter against associating with him in days gone by. My brother is so easily influenced by those around him."

"Exactly so. And you may depend that Trescott impressed upon your brother the desirableness of not mentioning his name to you. But I have a strong notion that if anybody in London knows where your brother is at this minute Alfred Trescott is the man; and as it clearly would be of no use to question that very amiable young gentleman, I think the best way will be to watch where he goes to, and whom he sees. We shall find out something so, depend on it."

In the pursuance of this line of conduct Jack found an invaluable ally in old Jerry Shaw, who threw himself into the business with great zeal. By his assistance, and that of Lingo, with whom Jerry said the whole credit of the discovery ought rightfully to rest, Jack soon found out that young Trescott had been seen with a gentleman answering to Walter Charlewood's description in a tavern not far from the neighborhood inhabited by the fair Mrs. Hutchins. That lady, with a rat-like instinct, began to divine that misfortune and disgrace were hanging over the head of her "poetical" and high-minded young friend, Alfred Trescott, and she consequently became very pliant in Jack's hands, imparting a great deal that she knew to Alfred's disadvantage, and a vast deal more that she did not know, with her accustomed florid eloquence. The truth was, that Mrs. Hutchins (to whom Jerry Shaw presented Jack as a cousin of "Miss Bell," and at the same time a friend of Mr. Charlewood) began to have sundry misgivings as to the policy of her violent animosity to Clement and the scandal she had spoken of him to Betty. If Mr. Charlewood were still on good terms with Mabel, it might be no passport to the favor of the latter to abuse him; and a good or bad word from Miss Bell was important to a person employed as Mrs. Hutchins was in the Thespian Theatre. By Clement's consent Jack and Mr. Shaw undertook to induce Walter to return home with them, thinking that a stranger's face would be less likely to startle the truant than the sight of his brother arriving unexpectedly. They accordingly watched Alfred enter and leave the tavern, and immediately on his departure made their way to Walter, with what result the reader knows.

It is needless to speak of Mrs. Charlewood's joy over her re-found boy, or of the relief of mind to Clement and Penelope at finding their brother alive and safe, although looking broken and abject. For the first two days after his return home Walter did not recover either his health or his self-possession sufficiently to face Clement and Penelope. He shut himself in his own room on the excuse—but too well founded—of indisposition, and refused to see any one except his mother, who left her own sick-bed to tend him. But by degrees, as he became aware of the forbearing kindness which actuated all around him, a spring of good feeling and gratitude was touched in his weak but not wholly depraved nature, and he began to come among the family again, and even to make some approach toward asking pardon for the suffering he had caused them, and to promise amendment. In his heart, spite of all he had said to Alfred Trescott, he was inexpressibly thankful to have been compelled, as it were, to return home without making the first advances toward a reconciliation himself. He told himself and told his mother that within four-and-twenty hours of the time when Jack surprised him in a drunken slumber on the tavern bed he should have been aboard an emigrant ship, and on his way to Australia. But at the bottom of his conscience he well knew that it would not have been so. Clement had one interview with his brother alone, and what passed between them he never fully disclosed to any one; but the two chief points spoken of were the discovery of Alfred's secret and malignant enmity, and the project discussed between Clement and his sister Penelope, of applying to old Stephens on Walter's behalf. Walter caught at the idea of going abroad, and even added a postscript to Clement's letter, begging the old clerk (in a strain of very unwonted candor and humility) to hold out a helping hand to him, and promising solemnly not to dishonor his recommendation.

To Jack Walton, as he called himself, the whole family were extremely grateful, and the singular circumstances of his first introduction to them made an intimacy arise between them with peculiar rapidity. "But, after all, we owe it to Mabel Earnshaw, first and foremost, that I have got my boy back again," said Mrs. Charlewood, stanchly. She had never relinquished her old liking for Mabel, although the fact of the latter's having gone on the stage continued to be, theoretically, an unforgiven sin. It was at Mabel's intercession, and in deference to Mabel's pleadings, that Corda was spared any questioning as to what she knew of her brother's anonymous writings. The fact that the child had written the note to Mr. M'Culloch, justifying Clement against the evil that had been said of him, could not be doubted; and once on the right track, a thousand pieces of internal evidence came to light, all showing plainly that Alfred Trescott, and he only, had been Clement's anonymous maligner. At first Clement had been utterly unable to conceive any sufficient motive for so persistent and bitter a hatred; but old Jerry Shaw, piecing together what he had observed for himself of Alfred's pursuit of Mabel, and what he had gathered from Corda's artless talk about Mr. Charlewood's attachment to her dear "Miss Bell," had arrived at a pretty accurate conclusion on the subject, which conclusion he communicated to Jack, who in turn communicated it to Clement.

"The ruffian was jealous of you, it seems," said Jack. "He had the outrageous audacity to aspire to my cousin Mabel, and hated you, as I suppose he would have hated any one who was in a position to have the chance of being on an intimate footing in Mrs. Saxelby's house."

"Then your cousin never—" Clement stopped abruptly.

"Never thought of *him?* Good God, Charlewood, is it possible that you, who have known Mabel so well and so long, can ask such a question?"

Jack spoke with indignant warmth, but Clement was so far from being offended by it that he shook him heartily by the hand, and said, humbly, that he begged pardon, that the idea *was* monstrous, and that he ought to have known better.

It has been stated that, at Mabel's intercession, no steps were taken which could make Corda aware of the discovery that had been made. But Jack insisted upon enlightening Lady Popham as to the true character of her protégé without delay, and volunteered to accompany Clement on the visit which was to be made for that purpose.

They had a terrible time of it with my lady. For nearly an hour she persisted in disbelieving all their statements, called them vile calumniators and treacherous scandal-mongers, abused them in very choice Italian, and flounced up and down her drawing-room in a whirlwind of wrath. Then suddenly, and quite without any preparation, she veered round to a firm and rooted conviction of Alfred's baseness, and wept gingerly behind her point-lace-bordered handkerchief, and bemoaned herself, and reproached him, and told the two bewildered young men that, from childhood upward, she had been an impulsive, sensitive creature, liable to be the victim of strong emotion, and totally deficient in British stolidity and self-repression. But there was, under all the froth of her demonstrative affections, a substratum of feeling in the kindly old woman, which feeling had been deeply wounded by the disclosure of Alfred's utter worthlessness. It was not merely the mortification of finding that she had been utterly fooled and deceived from the beginning—though that mortification was keen to a person who, like Lady Popham, prided herself on the acuteness of her judgment—but there was real regret for her protégé's unworthy conduct, and real compassion for the innocent little girl in whom Jack and Clement earnestly tried to interest her. "Poverina, poverina!" cried my lady, wiping her eyes. "C'est touchant. C'est vraiment touchant. The innocent little fool. But that Alfred—viper! However, my dear people, we must hush it up. No esclandre. For Heaven's sake, no esclandre! You English people always put every thing in the newspapers. Now, if this story is put in the newspapers, I shall, tout simplement, expire!"

She was assured that there was no intention of putting the story into the newspapers; and then, after a minute or two's reflection, she undertook to get rid of her latest and most unfortunate speculation in *geniuses*, by the simple process of running away from him! "I shall go to Vienna," said my lady—"I shall go to Vienna, and leave a—a—note for that scelerato—how handsome he is! Quel dommage! And meanwhile, until I can start, I shall take to my bed, and tell my people not to let him pass. A few lines, you know, and—and a—check, I think. Oh, of course it's wrong, I know; highly immoral. Don't preach to me, I implore. It *never* was of the least use to preach to me. But the fact is, I *was* the means of dragging this *birbante* out of his obscurity, and giving him hopes and tastes and aspirations that— Ah, Dio buono! Yes, yes, there must be a check, and meanwhile I shall go to bed."

Not the least gratified person at the return of Walter Charlewood, and the clearing away of the cloud which had hung over Clement, was Mr. M'Culloch; and before Jack left London to return home his friend and patron resolved to give a farewell dinner ostensibly in his honor, to which he invited Clement and Penelope Charlewood. "I wonder," the old Scotchman had said to Jack, "I wonder whether your cousin and Mrs. Saxelby would honor me with their presence! I have had the pleasure of calling on them with you, but I don't like to seem intrusive. Public people, celebrities like Miss Bell, get worried a deal in that way, I dare say."

Jack, after a word or two with his cousin, had undertaken to say that she would be very happy to accept Mr. M'Culloch's proffered hospitality; and thus it came to pass that the invitations to dinner at the Hawthorns included Mabel and her mother.

CHAPTER IX.

IS IT TOO LATE?

MR. M'CULLOCH's dinner-party consisted of Clement and Penelope Charlewood, Mrs. Saxelby, Mabel, and Jack, and a wealthy picture-dealer, whose acquaintance Mr. M'Culloch had thought might be useful to the young painter. The presence of this stranger prevented any allusion to the recent events which had so nearly concerned all the rest of the party, and directed the conversation to general topics. The host exerted himself successfully to make the evening pass pleasantly, and Penelope Charlewood quite captivated the old Scotchman by her keen, sharp wit and shrewd sayings. It was long since there had been so bright a light in poor Penny's eye, or so genial a smile on her lips. And the trouble she had passed through just served to soften her biting humor, and to give a touch of gentleness to her manner. Mrs. Saxelby, in the place of honor at Mr. M'Culloch's right hand, was all suavity, and Jack was in his usual state of high spirits and unclouded good-humor. Mabel and Clement were the most silent of the party. They had met but once since their interview at the little house in Barnsbury, and then their meeting had taken place in the midst of the excitement consequent on Jack's discovery of Walter. Both were silent, but in Mabel's face there shone the reflection of an inward happiness, while Clement was grave and preoccupied. He reproached himself for the words he had been hurried into saying. His feeling might have been rendered by the old lines,

> I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more.

And, in his judgment, honor required him to refrain from a suit which could result only in a humiliating repulse, or—he scarcely admitted the alternative—in tying Mabel to his fallen fortunes. But yet as he sat near to her, listening to her rare, sweet words, watching the quiet, modest grace of her movements, and the pure light that shone in her clear eyes, he felt that she was so dear to him that all life without her looked blank and gray. Nevertheless, he "loved honor more," and made up his mind to endure his sorrow manfully.

The preceding evening had been the last of the season at the Royal Thespian Theatre; consequently the popular actress was free to enjoy the sweet breath of Mr. M'Culloch's flowers, and to sit in his pretty garden in the August twilight, instead of hurrying away to her professional duties. The host had had a table brought on to the lawn after dinner, and sat sipping his wine in the pleasant air with much gusto.

"It's a better smell than the gas-lamps—eh, Miss Bell?" said he, observing Mabel with a bunch of carnations in her hand.

"I dare say Miss Bell likes the gas, too," said the picture-dealer, "or, at all events, the incense that mounts to her nostrils with the flare of the float. The breath of public applause is very sweet."

"I think," said Mabel, with her shy smile, "that the flowers are better."

"Come, Mabel," cried Penelope, "be honest; I used to cite you as one of the few truth-telling people I knew. Tell the truth now, you *do* love the incense of praise and applause. We all love it. It's only the folks who can't get any that are allowed to pretend to despise it, and that is not your case, at all events. You *do* think the incense a sweet thing."

"Yes," answered Mabel, slowly; and then, after a minute's pause, she laid one hand on Penelope's shoulder, and gently touching her lips with the rich fragrant carnation that she held in the other, added, in a low voice, "but still I think the flowers are better."

"One can't live upon perfume, though, Mabel," said Jack, laughingly, "any more than one can live upon—upon love or moonshine, both very charming things in their way! Whereas the public approval translates itself into very tangible coin of the realm."

"Jack talking worldliness and common-sense is a delicious spectacle," cried Mabel, "when I know so well that he would not allow all the bright gold that ever was minted to weigh against the lightest wish of any one he really loved!" Looking up, she caught Clement's eyes fixed upon her, and dropped her own with a bright flush.

"Mrs. Saxelby," said Mr. M'Culloch, "before it gets too dark to see it, will you walk round my little place? I have some rather choice shrubs down yonder, and ferns—I don't know whether you care about ferns."

"I do!" said Penelope; "may I come too?"

"Of course, my dear Miss Charlewood. Allow me. There. Now, Charlewood, if you will give Miss Bell your arm. You two fellows are going to have cigars, I see." And Mr. M'Culloch walked away with Mrs. Saxelby and Penelope, leaving Clement and Mabel to follow. Jack and the picture-dealer remained to smoke under the veranda.

Clement stood for a moment by Mabel's side.

"Will you come?" he said, hesitatingly.

She touched his offered arm lightly with her hand, and they walked on together. For some paces they proceeded in silence, then Mabel spoke:

"I am so, so glad that your trouble about Walter is all at an end."

"Thank you. I hope, if we can get him abroad, he may do well yet."

"And I am so very glad, too, that—that—the calumnies against you have been traced to their source. When Jack told me of the letters I was so indignant—so grieved!"

"You are very good."

There was another pause. The hand on his arm trembled as Mabel said, at length,

"Have you not forgiven me, Clement?"

It was the first time she had ever called him by that name, and the sound of it, uttered by her voice, thrilled him to the heart. He would have given the world to take her in his arms and fold her in the shelter of his great love. He would have given the world, but not what he prized above all—his self-respect. No; he loved her so much, she was so dear to him, *because* he "loved honor more." He answered, steadily:

"I told you, Mabel, that I had nothing to forgive you. What pain you once caused me is past and over, and was given unwillingly."

"God knows it was given *unwittingly*. But—"

"Let me say one word; it shall be the last with which I shall trouble you about my own private feelings. The other day, when you came to our house on an errand of kindliness and friendship I was hurried into saying words that should not have been spoken. I had been harassed out of all self-command, and the unexpected sight of you opened an old wound."

"You said what you did not mean then?" she murmured, half-withdrawing her hand from its resting-place on his arm.

"No, Mabel. Even to spare you pain, I can not tell you a lie. I meant then what I mean now, and what I shall mean all my life long. But, nevertheless, I should not have uttered such words to you. To what end should I have uttered them? Forget them, Mabel, and be my friend again, as you were in the old days, if you can."

"But I can not."

"I am grieved to hear it, but it must be borne like the rest."

"Do you know why I can not be your friend again, as in the old days? Clement, Clement, you call me proud. I believe I am so by nature. My pride once hurt you, and, perhaps, blinded me to my own feelings. I do not know. I was very young. I had never thought of—of—your seeking me in that way, and I had received a warning which cut my girlish spirit to the quick that I must not aspire to the honor you might be led to offer me. But, Clement—dear Clement—I lay down before you my old pride—I throw it at your feet. Those words that you bid me to forget filled me with joy and gratitude. I have been learning all this time—learning by absence—by the jealous pang at my heart when I thought you cared for another—by the yearning to help and comfort you in your great trouble—I have been learning that I love you, Clement—that I love you very dearly."

For one moment, in the ecstasy of hearing her speak those words, he caught her to his breast and kissed her. But almost directly he released her from his clasp, and stepped apart from her.

"Noblest, dearest Mabel," he said, "I have no right to take advantage of your generous goodness. What should I be—think, what should I be—if I could avail myself of your sweet compassion to bind you—you with your brilliant prospects—to a man so poor, so burdened, as I am?"

Mabel had hidden her face in her hands. She raised it slowly now, and it looked pale and white in the gathering dusk.

"You would show yourself to be strong and good," she answered, with a quivering voice. "You would prove that you know how small and poor all worldly considerations are in the presence of a true love."

"All mere worldly considerations, Mabel. But there are others which—Ah, think what it must be for me to plead thus against myself!" He broke off abruptly, and pressed his hands to his head.

"And think," she answered, "what it must be for me to plead *for* myself! But, Clement, be sure—nay, I believe you *are* sure—that if I had not thought you spoke the full and simple truth when you told me that you loved me still, there is no power on earth which could have made me speak the words I have spoken!" The old haughty curve on the delicate mouth, the old proud drooping of the eyes! He might have measured the depth of her love for him by the struggle that her pride was making to subdue all manifestation of tenderness. But in an instant she went on impulsively, "What is money, or what money can bring, between you and me? You would have bestowed your great wealth upon me, a poor penniless girl, because you loved me. Did the sacrifice appear very great?"

"You know, Mabel, that there would have been no sacrifice. If I could have been made ruler of the world, my highest pride would have been to call you my wife."

"And yet you can not credit me with feeling in that way! You talk of my brilliant prospects! In another year I shall, if my health is spared, have earned money enough to achieve one great purpose of my life, a provision for Dooley's education, and a sum sufficient (with what she has already) to provide a comfortable subsistence for my mother. Those are my 'brilliant prospects.' I do not despise them. I am glad and grateful to have succeeded so far. But when once that is done, what are the 'brilliant prospects' before me? And you? Shall you be happy? Ah, a man's love is not as a woman's! He can *bestow* royally, but he can not be generous enough to *accept!*" Tears were falling down her cheeks as she spoke, and she turned away to hide them.

"Mabel! Mabel!" shouted a voice at a little distance, and in a moment Jack came running toward them. He was breathless and agitated. "Mabel," he cried, "they are looking for you. Jerry Shaw is here. He went first to Desmond Lodge, and not finding you came on here. He is come on a sad errand. Poor little Corda Trescott they think is dying, and she has been begging to see you and Mr. Charlewood. Will you go to her?"

Mabel flew along the garden-path to the lawn, where a little group of persons was standing. Jerry Shaw was in the midst, leaning on his stick, and with a face full of woe. Lingo was not with him. When he saw Mabel and Clement, he advanced toward them hurriedly. "She's going, the darling," he said. "The sweet, loving little angel is ready to take flight from among us. Will you come to her, Miss Bell? It's for the last time. She'll never trouble you nor any body else any more." Old Jerry wiped his eyes on his checked handkerchief. "He wouldn't leave her a minute," he went on; "there he lies stretched by her bedside, and it's hard to get him away, even to take his food."

"Her father?" asked Mrs. Saxelby.

"No, Ma'am. My dog Lingo. Her father's a poor demented kind of creature. He does nothing but moan and bother her. She went to sleep this afternoon, and woke up about an hour ago, and says she, 'Mr. Shaw, I know I shall not be here very long, and I'd be very thankful if I could see my dear Miss Mabel before I go away, and Mr. Charlewood too. I want to speak to him. Would you ask them to come to me?' And when I promised that I would set off to find the two of ye that minute, she just gave a smile that seemed to light up the room, so bright it was, and laid down again as quiet as a lamb. I have a cab waiting here at the gate, Miss Bell."

Mabel and Clement followed the old man to the vehicle, and in a few minutes they were driving at a rapid pace toward Blackfriars.

CHAPTER X.

CALM.

As they went along through the rattling streets old Jerry related to them at intervals, and in a broken manner, how Corda had been found insensible on the floor three days ago; how they had thought her dead at first, for that her mouth and clothes were stained with blood; how, when she had come to herself again, she had merely declared that she had hurt herself in falling over a footstool; and how she had been in bed ever since, and growing rapidly weaker. "I knew in my heart," said Jerry, "that she wasn't very long for this world, but I little thought it would be so soon. In these three days her strength has been going, going, like snow-flakes melting in the sun. And I believe, on my soul, that that brother of hers has been murdering her."

"You don't suppose," cried Clement, hastily, "that he used any violence to the child?"

"I don't suppose he took a cudgel and knocked her brains out," said Jerry, nodding his head portentously; "but I do suppose that there are more ways of killing than one. She couldn't bear unkindness from those she loved any more than a little tender blossom can bear a northeast wind. And she had the purest, most sensitive conscience in the world. She suffered for all her brother's sins that she knew of, more than a good many tough people—who call themselves pious, too—suffer for their own!"

Mabel noticed with a heavy heart that Jerry spoke of little Corda in the past, and as if she were already gone from them. "Is there no hope for her?" she asked, tearfully. "Have they good advice? Has any thing been left undone? So young a creature! Are they sure they can not save her?"

"My dear young lady," said Jerry, solemnly, "when you see the little angel face of her, you will know, as I know, that her life is ebbing away fast. And when you see, too, how peaceful and tranquil she is, and think of what her life has been and was like to be in future, I think you won't desire to keep her here."

"Is—is the brother in the house now?" asked Mabel, as they approached their destination.

"He is in the house, but not in her room. He sits like a log in his own chamber, next to hers, neither moving nor speaking. When she asks for him, he goes in to her bedside and holds her hand, and lets her kiss him and talk to him, but he gets away again directly she will let him go, as if the sight of her were dreadful to him. And well it may be. The old father, up to yesterday, refused to believe in any danger at all. Now I think he sees it, and he is like a demented creature."

"It is a blessing for the child that you are near her, Mr. Shaw," said Mabel.

"Indeed, then, I'm afraid it's the first time in my life that I have been a blessing to any one! But she *is* very fond of me, the dear little bird; and as to Lingo! Ah, Miss Bell, you know something of him, but what he has been in these days is more than ye could credit."

They reached the house, and entered softly. The cross-grained servant, a good deal subdued in manner, was on the watch for them. "Come up stairs by yourself first, Miss Bell, dear," said Jerry. "It's a melancholy scene for ye, but you wouldn't have had me disregard the last wishes of the poor darling. I know you've always been good to her, and she loves you with all her heart."

Mabel followed the old man up stairs, and entered the room. Corda lay passive in the little white bed, and at the first sight of her face, Mabel could not restrain her tears. And yet there was no expression of suffering on it. It was peaceful and serene, with a strange, far-away look in the lustrous eyes. Her bright hair lay all curling and waving in rich masses on the pillow, and Mabel could not help observing the singular contrast between the rich, strong life there seemed to be in those chestnut tresses, and the evident fading of the pale little countenance beneath them. When the child saw her she smiled, and feebly held out her arms. "Don't cry, dear Miss Mabel," she whispered. "I am not sorry now. I think it is best. I think it may do some good to—to others if I die."

She lay still again for a minute or two, holding Mabel's hand pressed to her cheek. "My little Corda—dear little Corda, is there any thing in the world that I can do for you? Any thing that you wish?"

"I wished to see you, and you are here. It seems to me that every one is very good to me. See, papa," she said, weakly, trying to move the curtain on the other side of the bed, "see, dear papa, here is Miss Mabel. Look how happy I am. Do look, papa, it will make you more unsorry."

Mr. Trescott bowed down his head on the side of the bed, and moaned, "Oh, Corda, Corda, don't leave me, Corda. Don't go away from me, my little one, my little one."

A look of trouble flitted across the child's face. "It won't be for long, dear papa," she said. "You will see me again. And I am going to mamma. I am glad mamma is there. She will know me, though I may not know her at first. I am so glad," she repeated in a whisper, "that mamma is there!"

There was silence again, only broken by Mr. Trescott's sobs. Presently Corda drew down Mabel's head, and put her lips to her ear. "Is he here with you?"

"Mr. Charlewood? Yes, darling."

"How good of him to come! He was always good to Corda. Papa, dear, I am going to ask one thing of you, perhaps the last thing I shall ever ask. You won't refuse me, dear?" He could not speak, but made a sign with his head. The child went on: "I want to say a word to Mr. Charlewood and Miss Mabel all by themselves. It won't take a minute, papa. Will you wait outside while I say it?"

Her father rose slowly and left the room, staggering as he went like a drunken man. Jerry Shaw went down to call Clement, and Mabel remained alone with Corda. "See," said the latter, pointing downward to where Lingo was lying perfectly motionless, with his head between his paws, "he has staid so all day. Poor Lingo!" At her voice the dog raised his head, and looked at her with his wistful eyes. Corda stretched down her hand to him, and he licked it gently; but the little effort of the movement seemed to have exhausted her strength, and she fell back on the pillow with closed eyes. Mabel silently bathed her forehead with some eau-de-Cologne, and presently, when she heard Clement's footsteps on the stairs, the child opened her eyes, which looked larger and more lustrous than ever. "Tell him to come in, please," she said to Mabel. Her own voice was growing too weak to be heard at any distance from the bed.

Clement entered and placed himself near Mabel, by Corda's pillow. A smile that was almost joyous in its brightness came into Corda's face as she looked at them both.

"Do you remember, Mr. Charlewood," she said, putting her wasted hand into his, "how you used to come and see me in New Bridge Street, when my bone was broken? You were so kind to me!"

"Poor Corda! You were very kind to *me* to forgive me for running over you."

"Oh no, no! I was glad afterward, because if you had not run over me I should never have known you or *her*." She moved her face toward Mabel as she spoke, and the latter bent down and kissed her.

"Now I must try to say what I want to say to you, because poor papa is staying away on purpose. Dear Miss Mabel, would you give me some of that stuff on the table?"

Mabel poured a draught of some medicine from a vial that the child pointed to and gave it to her. Then she raised the pillows so as to support her in a sitting posture and sat down by the bedside, holding Corda's hand in hers.

"Mr. Charlewood," the child began, "I found out the other day that you know about—about—some letters that were written, and that made me so very dreadfully sorry and unhappy that I could not rest until I had tried to do something to prevent their hurting you."

"Dear little Corda, they had done and could do me no harm. Do not let us speak of that, my child."

"Oh, Mr. Charlewood, I must speak of it. It is about that that I so wished to speak. If you had not found out—I do not rightly know how you found it out, but I guess that it was through me—if you had not found out who wrote those letters, I do not think that I should ever have told you. I dare say I was very silly, but I had the hope in my mind that I could make that gentleman, Mr.—"

"M'Culloch?"

"Yes; Mr. M'Culloch know that you were very good without betraying—any body."

"Poor little one!"

"Yes; of course it was very silly. But I did not know what to do. And now it has all come out. But what I wanted to say was this: Mr. Charlewood, can people be punished—put in prison—for writing letters like those?"

"Corda, if any such fear is weighing on your mind be at peace. For your sake, little Corda, those letters shall be put away and forgotten, as though they had never been. And, further, you may believe, for I tell it you in all truth and seriousness, that they have done no real evil to me or to any one except to the writer."

"Ah, yes, to him! Thank you, Mr. Charlewood. And now I want just to say one word more. Miss Mabel knows—don't you, dear?—how I love Alf. He has done wrong, I know, and I know you have reason to be very angry with him; but if you would try—oh, if you would try, for my sake, to—to forgive him it would make me so happy! You can't quite understand, perhaps, but Miss Mabel can, because she knows how she should feel if it were little Dooley, who was a grown man, and had gone wrong, like my brother, how dearly I love Alf. You know, Mr. Charlewood, my mamma died soon after I was born, and Alf was only quite a little boy, and poor papa was so sorry when mamma died that perhaps he did not take so much care of Alf, nor seem so fond of him as he might have done if mamma had lived. Alf used to be very good to me when I was a little, tiny, weakly child. I remember when he would carry me up and down stairs in his arms, because I was so small and weak, and got tired so easily."

Mabel bent down over the sweet pleading face and kissed it. Her tears fell warm on Corda's chestnut curls as she did so.

"And do you know," continued the child, gazing up at Clement with earnest eyes, "do you know that, when Alf was so successful, and that rich lady made so much of him and offered to bring him to London, he said, all the time, that he would take care of me, and that if he grew rich I should grow rich too. And it is only two or three days ago that he was planning to take me abroad with him to make me well and strong."

"I hope he loves you, Corda. He would be worse than I have words to say if he did not."

"Oh, but he does; he does, indeed!" cried Corda, eagerly; "and I wanted so much to tell you so for fear you should think that he had been unkind to me. He is cross sometimes, because his temper is passionate. But, now that I am ill, you don't know how sorry he is. He sits in the next room all day long without going out that he may be near me when I want to see him. And they say he looks so melancholy and scarcely speaks a word. If ever he did any thing to vex me I know he is very, very sorry for it now. And when I am gone away he will be more sorry still. But though it grieves me sometimes to think of that, I like to know that he is sorry, because, perhaps, it may help to—to make him good."

Two large tears, the first they had seen her shed, rolled down Corda's cheeks as she spoke, and she put up her hand to cover her eyes and lay silent for some minutes. By-and-by she looked up again, this time at Mabel, and said:

"Dear Miss Mabel, you were always so kind to Corda, and I loved you from the first day I saw you, that I think you will be good to poor papa, if you can, for my sake. He may be glad to talk to somebody about his little girl, to somebody who loved her as you did—"

"As I *do*, Corda," broke in Mabel, weeping, "as I do love you, my sweet, good darling!"

"Yes, dear. But it will soon be over. And then papa will be very lonely; and if you would let him come and see you sometimes, and talk of the old times, it would be very good of you."

"I promise, dear child, I promise faithfully to fulfill your wishes. But, Corda dear, perhaps you may yet get better. You are so young there should be so many years of life before you."

The child shook her head gently. She smiled, and the same far-away gaze came into her eyes that they had seen there before.

"No, no; I am going to mamma. I am not sorry—only a little sorry for *them*—and I shall be so happy with mamma."

Then, turning her eyes on Clement, she said, softly:

"Give me your hand, please, Mr. Charlewood."

He gave it, and she took Mabel's also, and joined the two together in her feeble clasp.

"My two good friends," she whispered, "my two kind ones. Some day, when you are married to each other—" She broke off, feeling Clement start, and looked up. "You will be married to each other, some day, won't you? I always used to like to think of that long ago. Some day, when you are very glad and happy together, you will think of little Corda, and it will be sweet for you to know that you were good to her, and that she was very, very grateful."

The two hands she held met in a long, clinging pressure. Strange that the two beings whom the brother had striven so hard to sunder should be joined in one clasp by the sister's innocent childish hand!

"Yes," said Corda, smiling faintly, you will be very happy. Nothing is so happy as really *loving*, I think. And you do love each other."

Mabel was kneeling, with her cheek on the pillow beside the little head covered with bright burnished waving tresses. There was silence, only broken by the low sobs which Mabel could not altogether repress. Corda closed her eyes again, and remained so motionless that, for a moment, they thought she had fainted, but presently she opened them wide and looked around her. There was a change coming over her face, a change that heralded the end, as both the watchers felt too surely.

"Papa," said Corda, in so low a voice that Mabel, whose ear was at her lips, could scarcely hear it. "Call papa and Alf."

Mabel signed to Clement, who left the room, and presently returned with Jerry Shaw and the child's father. The latter flung himself on his knees, by the bed, opposite to Mabel. He seized one of the dying child's hands, and pressed it to his breast, as though by holding it fast he could keep her with him. Corda's glance wandered uneasily around the room.

"Your brother?" said Jerry Shaw. "Yes, mavourneen. He is coming."

As he spoke the dog uttered a low growl, instantly suppressed, and Alfred Trescott entered the room. The child's face lighted up at the sight of him, even at that moment, and she made a sign with her eyes that he should approach her. It would be hard to conceive a countenance so haggard, worn, and terrible in its evil beauty as Alfred's, standing there, with his dark eyes fixed on his little sister, and seeming neither to heed nor see any of the other occupants of the chamber. All the history of his wasted and perverted youth was written on his face. He came slowly toward the bed, and suffered the child to take his hand and kiss it.

"Good-by, darling Alf," she said. "Be good, Alf. Be good, dear, and you will be happy when I am gone."

"Corda!" The voice that came from his lips startled all present. It did not seem to belong to him. It was hollow, and hoarse, and broken. "Corda, you are not going!"

"Yes, dear, to mamma. Love me, Alf, and—and—be good to poor papa."

"No, no, Corda. No, you must not die. You shall not die. Stay, Corda! Little Corda, the only creature on this earth who cares for me, stay a while, Corda. I *can not* let you go; I must have time to be better to you. Live, Corda, only live, and you will see; I will be good to you—I will—I will."

His face was convulsed, but there was no tear in his eyes, and he stood with his hand on hers, looking down upon her with the despairing gaze of a drowning man who sees the last plank to which he clung shattered and lost.

Mabel passed her arm around the child, supporting her, and gently wiped her forehead with a handkerchief. "Don't cry," said Corda. "Don't be sorry, all of you! I think—I—hear mamma. It seems as if—as if—there were a voice calling me, ever so far away. It must be—mamma. Good-by, papa. Kiss me, Alf, my own brother—my darling—be—good—God bless you, Alf. How dark it is! That is Mabel's hand, I know. God bless you, dear." Suddenly she sat upright, as though struggling for breath; but in a moment the most lovely smile beamed over her sweet face, she stretched her arms out before her, crying, "Yes, yes, it *is* mamma! She is calling me again. Oh, mamma, mamma, take Corda!" And fell back in Mabel's arms as softly as a little wave that melts upon the summer sea—dead.

A FREE VOTER.

Seated here on the slope of this ditch—
The ditch, my friends, by-the-way, is dry—
Dry as a bone, or a stick, or a chip;
And in this we're alike, the ditch and I:
Take an old tramp's word, this November wind
Has something in it to stir one's thirst,
That fact by itself I should hardly mind,
But 'twixt me and the post it isn't the worst.

I'm not rich enough to carry a flask,
And I haven't tick at the tavern down there;
Water is something I seldom use,
So you're perfectly welcome to drink my share:
The truth of the matter is this, you see,
Though the temperance people say it ain't,
This total abstinence doesn't agree
With the serious nature of my complaint—

A taste for whisky, it isn't much,
A throat disease of the milder kind,
Affecting the palate more than all else,
And common enough, so it doesn't mind.
But seated here in this ditch to-day,
All alone by myself, I've been taking note
Of certain matters and things, by-the-way,
And one of 'em is the right to vote.

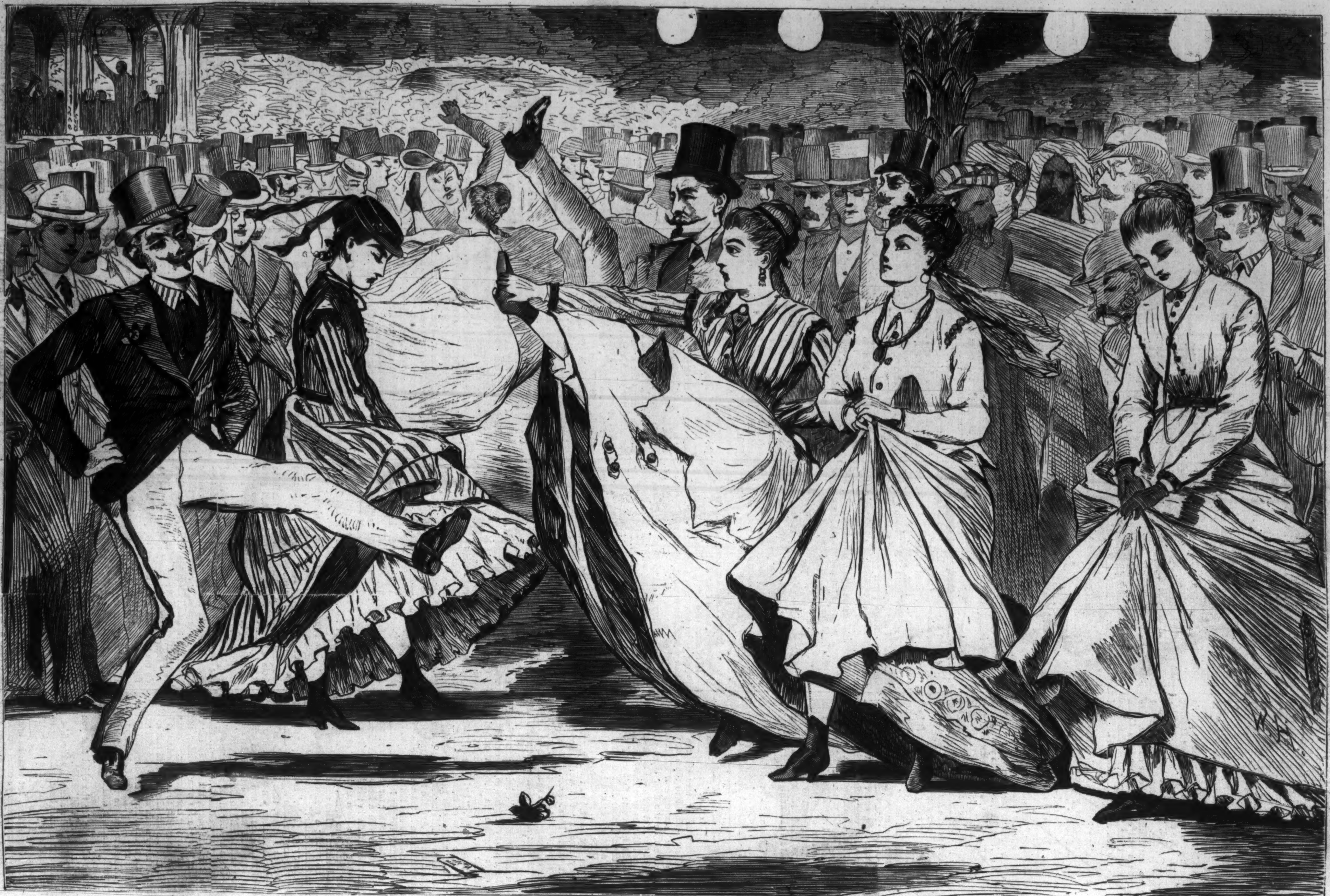
Suffrage, that's what they call it, I've heard,
A rum sort o' name, too, it seems to be—
What heaps of knowledge a cove picks up
Knocking about the world like me!
Impartial suffrage, eh, what a go!
Just look at it once in a Christian light,
The right to a free vote, whether or no,
Whatever your color, black or white.

Now, I'm a white man; I haven't much
In the way of property, that I'll own,
But as to my skin, why, that's all right,
Though its hue is a little dingy grown—
Owing, in fact, as you may suppose,
To a strong aversion, with latent fears
Of "pure cold water," that somehow grows
With the riper judgment of later years.

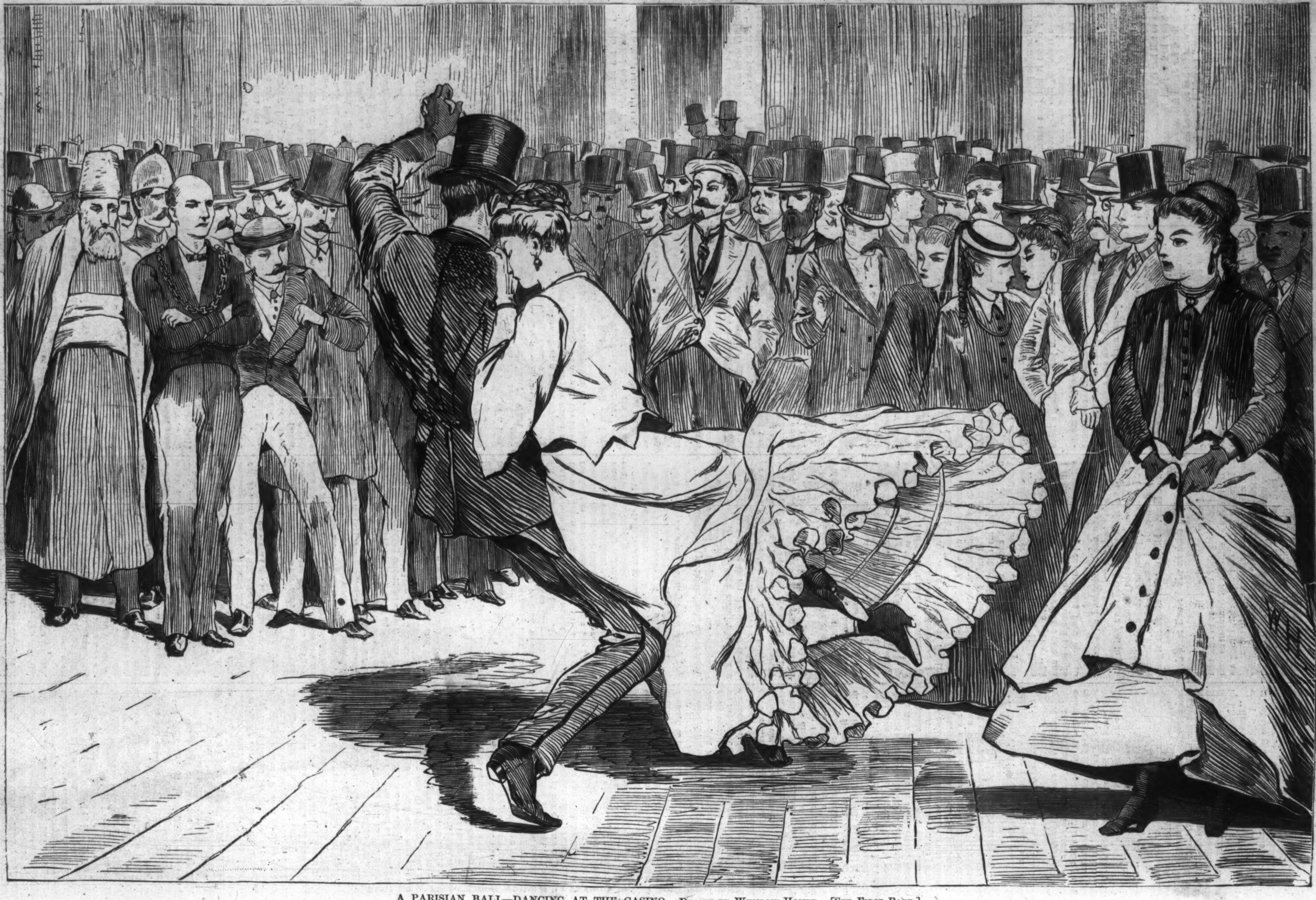
But down in yon field where they're raking hay
There's a chap as black as the shades of night,
Whom all the water and soap in the world,
Rubbed inside and out, wouldn't render white,
And he's the sort that the radical kind
Would give the right to of voting free,
This "man and a brother," do you mind?
Along with white men like you and me.

'Tis a fact he's the owner of that small house
And the cabbage garden that near it stands,
But then he's vulgar besides being black,
And earns his bread by the sweat of his hands:
While I'm a gentleman—never so rich
That the world would be richer for having my share—
Who through eccentricity sits in a ditch,
And chooses to sleep in the open air.

And because of this I haven't a vote;
Well, little it matters at most, I think,
For just at this moment, in case I had,
I'd sell it out for one "good square drink."
I'm tired of this ditch, so I'll stroll along,
With "Heigh-ho! the lark's in the sky;"
I'll tip 'em a stave of my favorite song,
Though my coppers, I own, are something dry.



A PARISIAN BALL—DANCING AT THE MABILLE, PARIS.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



A PARISIAN BALL—DANCING AT THE CASINO.—Drawn by Winslow Homer.—[See First Page.]

HAPPY TIDINGS.

THE sharp rat-tat—the post has come!
Tidings are here of friends long parted:
To some of hope and joy—to some
The news that leaves them broken-hearted.
That heap of letters which he bears—
Who knows what destinies are in it?
Sorrow and laughter, mirth and tears:
The post! some bless, some curse the minute.

But, if the face can tell one aught,
One scarcely now need be afraid, he
The best of good news must have brought
To yonder bright-eyed smiling lady.
Good news, good news has come, 'tis plain—
Is it from sister, brother, cousin?
Or is it from some sighing swain?—
Lovers she has at least a dozen.

What words precisely writ are there
One need not now stay to discover;
Besides, it would not quite be fair
The reader's shoulder to peep over.
Enough proclaim those glistening eyes—
The postman here has brought a treasure;
And if at times my lady sighs,
'Tis not in sorrow, but pure pleasure.

We'll leave her here alone to read—
To gloat in secret o'er her letter;
Her looks, whate'er its theme, concede
It could not well be any better.
Or, as we mentioned "theme" above,
We'll simply offer one suggestion—
It is *not* unrequited love;
And so we may dismiss the question.

A SUN-STROKE.

Two persons were walking backward and forward under the apple-trees. The shadowy, uncertain moonlight only revealed the outline of their figures; but nobody mistook them: it was Jason Woodruff and Mary Howell. Squire Woodruff, who, in his tireless round of chores, was putting up the bars in the field below, saw them, and standing a moment, with his broad, stooping shoulders lifted almost straight, and his scowling face turned toward them, muttered something impatiently, and then turned away. Steve Sayles, who sat in the door of the little brown house by the orchard, spoke to his two loaferish sons who were lounging near, making some coarse remark about the lovers, and then to his wife, a quiet, patient-looking woman, asking her, with an oath, why she didn't call that girl into the house; and Mrs. Sayles, Mary's aunt, replied evasively that she guessed Mary would come in pretty soon. Charley Allen, riding leisurely along the road, saw them, and remarked to his companion, Tom Porter, that he didn't wonder that Jason preferred walking in the orchard with his sweet-heart to sitting in Steve Sayles's shanty; he only wondered how so sensitive a fellow got along when the weather was unfavorable to outdoor courtship.

"He shuts his eyes and ears to every thing but Mary, I suppose," replied Porter, "which wouldn't be so difficult a matter either, I fancy."

"Not for you or I, perhaps, but he is naturally as aristocratic as his little lady sister, Nellie; and I've thought from appearances since he came home this time that 'love in a cot' wasn't so charming a prospect as it had been. That doesn't look like it, however."

Jason Woodruff was the only son of the "old Squire," who, if he did not own all the land joining his, owned nearly all that could be seen from the piazza-front of his house. A great deal was expected of this son. His father, while giving him greater advantages than farmers' sons often have, had taught him something of their value, in the application to work or study that he required of him. And so active, so aspiring, so exemplary was Jason that it would seem a strange accident that would make life a failure with him. But something more than two years ago he met Mary Howell, the niece of his father's tenant, and since then he had been her lover. Nobody but himself and Mary believed that the infatuation would last, for it was a case of black eyes and laughing red lips, or at most of the power of a rich, strong nature against every thing that friends, position, wealth, and culture could bring. It had lasted, however, until it was no longer a wonder, but accepted as a fact by sensible people.

Of course it had been strongly opposed by Squire Woodruff, who disapproved of the whole vocabulary of romance, and was not anxious that his son should marry young; by a proud mother and sister, who had more ambitious plans for him. But, as opposition seemed only to make him more obstinate, it had lately been but a silent pressure. Since his recent return from college the gossiping detectives of the neighborhood had remarked a change in his demeanor, and poor Mary hardly needed to-night's explanation to tell her the difference.

They had walked backward and forward a long time, for Jason felt very cowardly and loth to say what he had resolved he would.

"Mary," he said, locking her fingers in his, and speaking in a forced way, "I have been trying to tell you something ever since I came home, but I am afraid you won't understand me."

"I am not so very dull"—withdrawing her hand and looking away. "Try it and see. Perhaps I understand it now."

Jason stopped and twisted a branch from a tree, and broke it in his hands.

"What do you understand?" he said, at last.

"What every body told me would be—that you have changed. I have seen it a long time. Do you think I can't understand why it is?" she went on, passionately. "That there is every reason why you should change, and none why you should not. I have known it all the time, only I tried not to believe it," she said, breaking off with a sharp sound of pain in her voice.

"Mary," he said, drawing her hand through his arm again, "I can't bear to have you angry; but all I can do is to tell the truth. I am not changed toward you, and never can be; but there are a great many things troubling me that I don't know how to decide. I want you to help me. There is my father working from morning till night to give me a chance. He says there was never any thing but work for him; but he has been bending his back for me to climb on. He wants me, when I have finished at college, to go right on and study and travel until I am fitted for any position that I have capacity to fill. He seems rough and hard to people that don't know him; but it is easy to see that he has set his heart on me. It isn't that he dislikes *you;* but he says that I have no business with engagements while I depend on him; and that there is time enough to choose a wife when I know what I want."

"But you knew all this at first," said Mary, bitterly. "You knew it when you first knew me. What made you come here at all? Why have you just remembered what your father says when you knew it two years ago?"

"I haven't 'just remembered' it. It has troubled me all the time; only I hadn't courage to either obey or disobey. I want you to *tell* me what to do."

"Then you think that you have courage enough to obey him now, and want me to tell you you are free. Very well."

"No, that isn't what I mean; and yet perhaps it *is;* only you put it in such a miserable way. Since I have been away and learned more of the world, I have realized something what the difference between that life and settling down to support myself and family by hard work would be; but," he said, clasping her two hands tightly in his, "I can give it all up, and go to work to-morrow, and as soon as I can take care of a wife be married, feeling it no sacrifice if I have you, Mary."

She leaned back against the trunk of a tree, and covered her face with her hands. How could she choose but to keep him? What else had she in all the world? But to cling to him when he was so ready to shake her off?

"No!" she broke out, in a shrill, impetuous voice; "if you had chosen that you would not have asked me to decide. You wish me to say good-by." She turned to leave him, but he passed his arm around her.

"You are angry now; wait until you have had time to think; wait until to-morrow."

"I don't want time to think. I am not angry. I wish I was," she said, dropping her head upon his shoulder with a sob. After a moment she said, "You have been kinder to me than any body else ever was, and I have been very happy; that was why it was so hard; but I did not mean to blame you. Now let me go."

Jason tried to speak again, but there was a choking in his throat, and they parted without any word of good-night.

Mary crouched by her little window up under the eaves to watch him as he passed back through the orchard and meadow home. Bitter thoughts crowded themselves upon her mind. She was the offering he threw into the river, while she could easier have burned herself on his funeral-pile. But she ought to have known how it would be; her aunt had told her from the first; and her uncle, when he sneeringly congratulated her. What right had *she* to expect such happiness?

Hardly more enviable were Jason Woodruff's thoughts as he lay waiting for sleep that night. He did wish to rise in the world; to realize all of his father's hopes for him. He not only had the ambition, but a sense of the power necessary; and it was hard to refuse the keys that unlocked the heavy gates. Then thoughts that were only the reflections of his father's pictures had weighed heavily in his mind—of looking enviously at those standing where he might have stood, and thinking with regret of opportunities lost; of energy all absorbed in rough work, and a young wife growing old five years in one; of two people bound together to creep through life where one at least might have risen. But to-night he felt ashamed of these paltry excuses. What was his happiness more than hers? He was doing a sneaking, unmanly thing for the sake of some time seeming great, and he would no longer try to gloss it over. Last night he had wished it settled; it was settled now if he could afford to remember the half-stifled pain of Mary's tones and tears.

Squire Woodruff had not attributed the moonlight walk to any thing but moonshine sentiment; so he was not much surprised the next morning when Jason, with a decision and manliness unabashed by his frowns, announced his intention of going to work. As much as he wished to please his father he could not conform to his wishes respecting Mary Howell; but he could act honorably toward both of them.

"What do you propose to do?" asked Mr. Woodruff, bluntly.

"To go to work at any thing I can, until I can do better. To choose for myself, and depend on myself," said Jason, boldly.

"All very fine to plan and talk about," growled his father; "and now is a favorable time to try it. I want another hand in haying—a prime hand, to work against Hicks. If you keep up with him I'll pay you the same wages; if not, I'll pay you what you earn."

"All right. I'll do the best I can," said Jason, taking off his watch, and exchanging his coat for a frock.

"You won't want much to keep you warm out there," said the old man, contemptuously, looking him over from head to foot. "I'd advise you not to try for the highest wages to-day; a stack that has grown in the shade like you 'll need toughening to the sun first."

"I'm stouter than you think," said Jason, determined not to be vexed at his father's sarcastic tones.

The hottest of July suns blazed down upon the men in Squire Woodruff's field that afternoon. The men who were raking and pitching stopped occasionally to wipe their faces and exclaim at the intense heat; and Squire Woodruff standing on the load would turn his bent figure uneasily to look at the two mowers at the farthest end of the meadow. Hicks's great burly form was bending steadily to the work, and close after him was Jason. Not working with great even strokes like Hicks, but sometimes yards behind, and then with a great effort bringing up his swath. A gleam of pride at the "grit" his son manifested, and a grim smile that said, "We'll hear what you have to say about 'honorable independence' after a day or two like this, young gentleman," would be followed by an anxious, troubled look; and the old man would call to him to rest a while, or change with one of the men; he hadn't got broke into that kind of work yet. But each time Jason by word or gesture refused, and kept on.

Mary Howell, from her little chamber window, had been watching them. Once or twice since he came home she had seen Jason at work for an hour or two in the hay-field. But now since early this morning he had been toiling in the heat. Perhaps he felt stronger since he was free from his perplexing engagement, she thought wearily. The great circles around Mary's eyes told how she had sobbed the night through; and and now a sense of the heat, or of any thing but the pain succeeding last night's hurt, was dull and indistinct. Suddenly she started to her feet and gazed breathlessly at the men in the field. Jason had sank down in the grass, and Hicks was lifting him up, while the other men were hurrying that way—Squire Woodruff first, carrying the great water-jug in his hand. Was he hurt, or faint? She could not tell. The men bustled around him for a few minutes, then lifted and carried him to the house. Presently she saw that one of them had taken a horse from the harness and was galloping off. For Dr. Allen it must be. Then he *was* seriously hurt. She started instinctively to go to him, when that nightmare recollection checked her—but only for a moment. He was badly hurt—dying maybe; she would go. She ran across the fields the way Jason went last night. One horse was standing in the harness by the half load of hay, and the rakes and forks lay in the grass where they had dropped them; but up by the gate two men were talking together, and she saw them shake their heads gravely.

"What is it?" she asked, as she stopped, panting, near them.

The men knew the story of her engagement to Jason, as who did not? They were rough men, Steve Sayles's cronies, but they felt a kindly pity for her now.

"It's a sun-stroke, we think," said one of them.

"He isn't dead?" gasped Mary, her lips growing white.

"Oh no," said the man, assuringly. "We can't tell how bad he is till the doctor comes. They are doing every thing they can for him, but he don't know any thing yet. I don't believe," he said, hesitatingly, as she was about to pass on, "that you'd better go now. You can't do any good, and they ain't likely to let you in where he is. Just wait till Dr. Allen goes by, going back, and he'll tell you all about it."

Mary shrank back as if she had met a reproof. These men knew all about it then; that she had no right by him now, and thought her going improper. She was sensitive to such things, she turned quickly and walked toward home.

"Why didn't you let her go?" said the man who had not spoken. "She wanted to see him, and it's her privilege if it's any body's."

"Yes, but she couldn't do any good, and the old man don't like her, and he's so near crazy just now that he'd order her out of the house like as not. I thought 'twould save a fuss, maybe, if she waited a little."

An hour later, when Dr. Allen passed, returning from his hurried summons to Squire Woodruff's, Mary Howell stood waiting by the gate. Accompanying his father was Charley Allen, a medical student, and a warm friend of Jason Woodruff's. The good-natured doctor stopped a moment to answer Mary's question.

"Well," he said, slowly, hitting his horse light strokes with his whip as he spoke, "he will live probably. It's a pretty severe case, and I think he must have been demented to begin with; no sensible person would have been so fool-hardy."

"Maybe you don't understand all about it, father," said Charley Allen.

"If you think *you do*, I will leave you to prescribe for him," retorted the doctor.

"I should only prescribe a great deal of attention and care," said Charley, with a meaning look at Mary. Mary did not notice its significance.

"Then you think he will be well soon, doctor?"

"I did not say that. I said he would live. I think the best thing they can do is to take him to Dr. Sanders's institution for treatment as soon as he is able to go," said the doctor, hitting his horse a harder cut as an injunction to move.

A few evenings before Jason was taken away Mary went to see him. Squire Woodruff sat on the back porch as she went in. He acknowledged her good-evening only by a surly grunt. Nellie Woodruff met her at the door; she was Jason's sister; a haughty miss who recognized Mary as that "Howell girl" who had been the cause of all this trouble. And her salutation was hardly polite. Although they had expected earlier attentions from Mary they by no means wished to encourage them. Mary asked to see Jason, and was shown into the room where he sat leaning upon his pillows. She was cautioned not to talk to him as he must be kept quiet; so she only looked sadly into the eyes that regarded her with such a stupid stare, and silently followed Nellie out of the room.

Squire Woodruff turned to her, as she passed down the steps, saying,

"Well, young woman, I suppose you are satisfied now." Mary gave him a frightened, appealing look. He looked a little more kindly at her as he added, "We have no need to act ugly toward each other about this now. No doubt you think you feel bad; but your best way is to let this all drop now."

"I want him to know that I came to see him; but I will not trouble him any more," said Mary, looking a little bewildered.

"Very well. Good-evening, ma'am," said the Squire, a little surprised at her readiness to adopt his advice.

A few days after Mary saw the carriage passing slowly over the hill that was taking him away to be treated for insanity. It seemed to her, as she watched it, as if all these dark days she had been mourning a death, and this was the hearse bearing him to his burial.

For several years but little was seen of Jason Woodruff in the neighborhood where he had lived. It was understood that he had recovered his reason, and was traveling for his health, which was still feeble. Meantime Dr. Charley Allen had married Nellie Woodruff, and was succeeding his father in practice there. Steve Sayles, with his family, had moved away, and been lost sight of in the mass of floating population. People did not so easily forget Mary Howell; and many a good wish was expressed for the poor girl; but by-and-by, when it was reported that she had gone West and married—married well, it was told—many who like Charley Allen had been her warmest friends, wondered reproachfully if she could so easily forget the man who was living a sad, broken life because he had chosen to keep his promise to her. They only knew the part of the story of which she was ignorant.

The almost forgotten romance was revived and talked over when, nearly ten years after the incidents I have related, Jason Woodruff came home to sit by his father's sick bed. It was told that the sick man, in his reviews of the past, recollected Mary's visit, and told Jason about it, and Jason, nervous and irritable as he now habitually was, asked peevishly why this had been kept from him, and left his tea untouched to go wandering through orchard and meadow, until late at night he came in shaking like ague, his clothes wet with dew. The neighbors who shook his hand at his father's funeral, and noted his hair, whiter now than the old Squire's had ever been, pronounced him a broken-down man. It is always sad to meet one whom we have looked forward to admire, and find that they elicit only our pity. Something of this disappointment these old friends of Jason Woodruff felt. They remembered a bright, active boy, pressing eagerly toward the future that seemed to promise so much. Now he was grown old without the dignity of age. That withering sun had left enough of vitality to extend life, but nothing for growth and expansion. It was the conceited student changed to a petulant, fussy, pedantic old man; surprising you sometimes with a beautiful thought, but more often tiring you with his wordy discourse.

Late one summer he accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Charley Allen on a journey around the lakes. He attached himself to this brother and sister in an affectionate, dependent way, and they with careful regard tried to shield his acute angles from contact with the rough world. The return trip found the boat crowded, the weather cold, and the lake rough, and all the petty annoyances so hard to be borne seemed combining to make Mr. Woodruff's homeward journey a miserable one. The waiters were inattentive, the steward curt and uncivil, and the passengers disagreeable. And now, while he was sitting on deck, shading his head from the pale wintry sun with his umbrella, a troop of restless, climbing children were disturbing him. Presently he started with horror, as one little chubby four-year old nearly lost her balance trying to look over at the waves.

"Why, child!" he exclaimed, catching her suddenly by the arm. The baby's unterrified eyes looked wonderingly into his, as she explained,

"I ain't 'Why, child!' I'm Maggie Smiff."

"Maggie Smith," he said, the fretful look softening to one of fondness. "Haven't you got any mother to take care of you, little one?"

"Yes, her mother's in there," said a larger girl, "and she let me take Maggie a little while; but she hasn't got any father, Sir."

"Well," said Mr. Woodruff, taking her in his arms, "tell her mother that I'll keep her until she can take better care of her."

Mrs. Smith, the child's mother, was sitting in the saloon, talking with Dr. Allen. Mrs. Allen had made her acquaintance, and begged leave to present her husband; and now, though he seemed only talking in his easy, pleasant way, the Doctor was carefully observing the fine face and figure, and dignified repose of manner of the lady by his side.

"I am afraid," she said, looking anxiously toward where Maggie sat with her new friend, "that the gentleman will be quite tired of my little Magpie. I see that she is chattering to him constantly."

"Oh no. I don't think he has been so happy since we started out," replied the Doctor. "He is a little singular sometimes. This is one of his peculiarities."

"Is he an invalid?"

"Yes, his health and life were destroyed ten years ago, and all the circumstances connected with it make him seem sad. He had promised to marry a beautiful girl to whom he was very much attached, but his friends were strongly opposed to the match, and tried to persuade him to give it up. He chose rather to give up every thing else, and go to work independently. He went into the hay-field to work one terrible day, and received a sun-stroke, from which he has never fully recovered."

"This is a strange story you are telling me," said the lady in a quick, disturbed way.

"I thought—I was young then," resumed the Doctor, "and took a romantic view of the case—that she would go right to him, caring as much for him in sickness as health; but she did not. She went away soon after, and was married, we heard."

"Are you sure," said Mrs. Smith, in a compressed voice, "that what you tell me is correct?—that he went to work for *her?* Because he chose *not* to give her up?"

"Oh yes; I am very sure he may have *been* undecided, but that morning he was very resolute!"

"Dr. Allen," said the lady, looking directly in his face, "there is a mistake somewhere. Is it you or I that is wrong? Has he never told you what was said when we walked in the orchard together the night before?"

"He never told any thing, Mary, except to talk wanderingly of you before he recovered his reason. Perhaps neither of us have known the whole truth."

"Do you think," she said, starting to her feet, "that he will know me?" He has not seen me yet. Will he recognize me?"

"I knew you, and so did Nellie; he will be sure to, for he remembers you better."

Late that evening the passengers noticed "that odd white-haired man" sitting on a sofa by "the handsome widow," and little Maggie fast asleep with her head in his lap. One daring youngster ventured to guess that the "old gentle" was making love, and was not entirely wrong. He had laid one hand on Maggie's curly head, and was saying:

"But the fate that has denied me every thing has been kind and generous to you, thank God."

"Yes, for it has brought *you* back to me."

"With only a wasted life; a feeble old man, Mary," he said, sadly.

"If it was wasted it was for *me.* If he is feeble he needs my strength," she whispered, bending to kiss Maggie's cheek and the hand that lay among her curls.

MY DREAM.

A slender form, a girlish face,
  Blue eyes and golden hair;
Sweet lips, dear lips! and sunny smiles,
  A vision angel fair!
Oh, gentle eyes! oh, cruel eyes!
  Why will you haunt me so?
Filled with the old sweet tenderness,
  The love of long ago.

A merry laugh, a pleasant voice,
  Sweet chimes, like silver bells;
Sweet music, unforgotten still,
  Around me rings and swells.
Oh, wooing voice! oh, cruel voice!
  Why will you haunt me so?
Speaking the old sweet tenderness,
  The love of long ago.

An angel form, a blessed face,
  A picture fading never;
The anguish of a vanished hope,
  That clings to me forever.
Oh, blessed dream! oh, cruel dream!
  Why will you haunt me so?
Sad with the old sweet tenderness,
  The love of long ago.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Trials of physical strength and endurance are quite the fashion nowadays. Walking and rowing matches, trotting and swimming races, have long been common enough to excite no extraordinary attention, unless accompanied by some special feature. But novelties in this line occur every little while. A few weeks ago a man, somewhere in the vicinity of Boston, entered the lists against a horse as a *trotter*. Of course he was beaten, as he ought to have been, if the horse was worth any thing. Recently a climbing match was announced. A certain number of poles were to be erected, and the contestants were to climb them one after another in rapid succession. A wood-sawing match took place a short time since in Indiana. This trial was between four parties of young men—nine in each party. The wood was of about the same quality, and was placed in four beautiful piles of nine cords each. The thirty-six wood-saws commenced rasping through the wood and splinters at the same instant—some of the boys going in with all their might and strength, others taking it slow and easy, after the manner of experienced knights of the saw. The swiftest party completed their task in just three hours and ten minutes, the slowest in about three hours and fifty minutes. Then the result was summed up thus: "Thirty-six cords of nicely-sawed wood, seventy-two blistered hands, thirty-six lame backs." And similar delightful results—exclusive of the "nicely-sawed wood"—usually follow foolish expenditures of strength. A certain amount of moderation is wise.

It is said that Brooklyn boys are crazy on the subject of base-ball, and Brooklyn housekeepers nervous on the subject of glaziers' bills. So the Police have taken the matter in hand. It is certain that the "boys" in many other places are insane on the same subject. A humorous writer thus gives his experience:

"I've played five games, and this is the glowing result: Twenty-seven dollars paid out for things. One bunged eye. One broken little-finger. One bump on the head. Nineteen lame backs. A sore jaw. One thumb dislocated. Three sprained ankles. Five swelled legs. One dislocated shoulder. Two raw hands. A lump the size of a hornet's-nest on my left hip. A nose sweetly jammed, and five uniforms spoiled. I've looked over the scorer's book and find that in two weeks I've broken seven bats, made one tally, broken one umpire's jaw, broken ten windows, killed a baby, broke the leg of a dog, mortally injured the bread-basket of a spectator, knocked five players out of time, and knocked the waterfall from a school-marm who was standing twenty rods from the field. I've used up fifteen bottles of arnica liniment, five bottles of lotions, half a raw beef, and am still full of pain.

"All ladies in favor of 'universal suffering' are invited to join our club!"

In imposing a fine for absence without leave upon a member of one of the Hook and Ladder Companies in this city, the Board of Fire Commissioners censured the man for his slovenly and dirty appearance when before the Committee. It was remarked, that, "while the general appearance of the men was creditable to the Department, individual members are daily seen in the streets whose carelessness alone will soon make their leaving the Department necessary for its credit. *New* clothes are not necessary to cleanliness, but benzine and soap to old or new ones which are soiled is necessary to a decent appearance."

A newly-invented powder was recently tested at the rock-cuttings near the Central Park. In blasting the rock was lifted out in vast masses and not blown in small fragments through the air to endanger the safety of life and limb. Successful experiments were also made in using it like ordinary powder in rifle charges. It is said that this powder can be manufactured at a less cost than ordinary powder, and with entire safety to the men engaged in the work.

The new Selwyn Theatre, which has been opened to the Boston public, will seat about 1700 persons. The building is finished and furnished in a tasteful and elegant manner. The drop curtain, painted by an artist of Philadelphia, portrays South American scenery at the source of the Amazon, and is said to be a highly finished and very brilliant work of scenic art.

A Mississippi paper states that a singular and fatal disease has appeared among children in some sections of the State. When a child is first seized with it, the whole nervous system is contracted, and the most excruciating pain, and great sensitiveness to the touch ensues. Convulsions follow, the nerves become contracted, and the neck is suddenly broken.

On some of the railroads in North Carolina the proprietors have placed cars in which meats and other articles of food are cooked and served out to travelers at reasonable prices.

A ludicrous mistake was recently made by a clergyman in Columbus, Ohio. A couple presented themselves before him in church desiring to be united in marriage. The reverend gentleman got confused in some way, and, placing himself in front of the groomsman, nearly married him to one of the bridemaids in place of the groom and bride. When the ceremony was about half through the mistake was discovered, and the matter set right before it was quite too late.

A young lady recently asked at a New Bedford bookstore for "Extra Homo." This reminds us of another lady—young in some respects, certainly—who made inquiry at a place of sale for a copy of "The *Baz*-zar." After some polite investigation the clerk discovered what she wanted, and furnished her with "Harper's *Bazar*."

"Liquor is a good thing in its place," remarks a unique character in "Norwood," "but, as a general thing, I'm of opinion that the very worst place you can put good liquor into is a feller's stomach!"

Some one pointedly says: "Every stamp you put upon a deed, a check, or a mortgage, is a Democratic sticking-plaster to remind you of a Democratic rebellion."

"Swagan" is sometimes spoken of as one of the principal articles of diet among the lumber-men of Maine, in olden times. But probably very few have any idea of what this ancient dish consisted. It was made of beans, pork, bread, and molasses all stirred up in a great kettle and boiled together. And nothing was considered so good "to cut and haul all day upon" as swagan.

Some idea of the complexity and length of legal trials may be gained from the following statement: "The papers in the Yelverton case weigh about three tons, and would fill a good-sized room. A verbatim report of the whole trial would fill dozens of folio volumes, and more than one readable book could be made up from the incidents of the different trials." And if, as a morning journal recently declared, the case is not yet "half finished," and the documents continue to accumulate, what an array they must finally make!

Lord Rosse, whose name will ever be distinguished in the annals of astronomy, has lately died. He was born June 17, 1800, and spent much of his life at Birr Castle, Ireland, where he set up his first telescope. He held, during life, many honorary offices, and was a member of numerous literary societies in Europe.

A Nashville paper tells a curious story of a negro with a bullet-proof skull. He was detected in an assault, and an attempt made to arrest him. The negro ran away. The policeman followed. The negro wouldn't stop. So the policeman fired a pistol at him. The ball lodged in the negro's head. But he was taken to the station-house, where the ball was extracted; and it was found that, although his skull was not injured, the bullet was mashed almost perfectly flat.

The cultivation of cranberries has become an extensive business. The whole crop in the country this year is estimated at 300,000 bushels, valued at $1,200,000. In many places cranberries have been raised upon land which from its swampy character had previously been regarded as worthless.

In a town in Kansas it was noticed that the prairie was on fire. The residents collected for the purpose of putting it out, when their attention was called to a man who was riding along the road dismounting and setting fire to the prairie in different parts, some half a mile or a mile apart. The indignant people pursued the wretch, captured him, and hung him.

Some months ago Congress passed an act appropriating a suitable sum of money for inclosing the various national cemeteries with proper fencing, and placing over each grave a commemorative tablet. A commission was also designated for carrying the act into effect. It is said that the necessary arrangements are nearly completed; but the number of tablets required make a fearful item—three hundred and thirty thousand tablets for Union soldiers who fell on the battle-field!

A story is floating through the papers with a moral appended to the effect that if you write a letter to a lady and to a gentleman on the same day you should *not* shake them up in a bag together, and send the one to the lady that comes out first. Some other conclusions may be deduced from the story—*first*, that the telegraph is an increasingly important invention; *second*—but we will tell the story before drawing further inferences: A young gentleman of Galena, Illinois, wrote two letters on the same day. One of them was written to a young lady, whose acquaintance he had made, and whose friendship, if not a stronger passion, he felt not a little anxious to secure. Of course, he selected his words, and weighed them with the usual caution in such cases. Indeed, there is no telling what he did say. The other was addressed to a school-chum, and was worded and thrown together in quite a different way. Indeed, there is no telling what he did *not* say. He addressed the one to the lady in the neatest and most delicate way possible, and deposited it, with trembling hand and palpitating heart, in the post-office. The other he put in his pocket, to be posted next day. But the next day he discovered that he had retained the female letter and sent off the male one! He was struck with horror, but his wits did not leave him. He calculated the time of transmission by post, and found that his case was not altogether hopeless. The mis-sent letter would not reach its destination for an hour or two from that time. He rushed to the telegraph office, and coolly dictated a dispatch to the lady to return the letter that she should receive at a particular time, with such a post-mark, to the writer, unopened. The telegraph was faithful, and the next day his letter, which had caused him so much tribulation, was returned safe into his hands unopened, whereat the young gentleman's joy at his lucky escape may be more readily imagined than described. Inference the *second*—the curiosity of women, nowadays, evidently does not equal that of Eve, or the young lady above-mentioned would have felt called upon to peep into *her letter* thus strangely recalled.

Pedestrian tours, both singly and in parties, have been very common among young men during the past season. And just now the walking public are specially interested in the progress and success of Weston, who left Portland on Oct. 29 for a little trip to Chicago, on foot, which he expects to accomplish in thirty days. Weston, however, walks for a wager and for renown, rather than for health and vigorous muscular development in connection with recreation. The latter are the true objects to be attained by the pedestrian, and overstrained and unnatural exertion seldom accomplishes any real good. In England the pedestrian tourist is often to be met; and sometimes, though less frequently, in France. Recently a young Parisian made a daring foot-journey in the land of William Tell. He was a leader of fashion and a noted waltzer. Last month, attired in a convenient but exceedingly rough walking costume, wet, sun-burnt, and covered with mud, he arrived at the hospitable doors of the monastery on the Mont St. Bernard, and his apperrance was so unprepossessing, that, in spite of his "noble mien," he was refused admittance, and escorted to outlying quarters where the wandering and homeless members of society were lodged and fed, in a sort of quarantine. The Parisian *élégant*, the incomparable waltzer, had been taken for a beggar! He had outwalked his two intrepid friends, but after some explanation, given by himself and his guide, he was admitted into the monastery. Instead of being hurt at his reception, he took it as a delightful proof of how thoroughly he had flown in the face of society, and told the story with great glee in Paris.

A statue of Mr. George Peabody is to be erected in London. A large sum has already been subscribed for the purpose, and it has been decided that the work should be intrusted to Mr. Story, the American sculptor, to whom Mr. Peabody will give sittings in Rome during the forthcoming winter. The statue is to be in bronze, and a site near the Royal Exchange has been asked for from the Corporation of London.

A diamond in the rough state was found at Camden, Miss., during the war, but at the time was considered of no value. Since then it has been examined, and in the opinion of intelligent men is worth $50,000.

A very good anecdote is told of Victoria's strict domestic discipline, illustrating her method of managing her children in their early life: "One day, when the queen was present in her carriage at a military review, the princess royal, then rather a willful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her majesty gave several reproving looks, without avail—'winked at her, but she wouldn't stay winked.' At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it—too evidently *not* accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprang from their saddles to return it to her fair hand—but the awful voice of royalty stayed them. 'Stop, gentlemen!' exclaimed the queen; 'leave it just where it lies. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief.' There was no help for it. The royal footman let down the steps for the little royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough, but the mortifying lesson nipped in the bud her first impulse toward coquetry. How many American mothers would be equal to such a piece of Spartan discipline?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A little boy, some six years old, was using his slate and pencil on a Sunday, when his father, who was a minister, entered and said:

"My son, I prefer that you should not use your slate on the Lord's day."

"I am drawin' meetin'-houses, father," was the prompt reply.

THE DICKENS!

In drawing crowds there is no doubt
  Charles Dickens will succeed,
And when the crowds Charles Dickens hear
  They then will hear Charles Read.

A very religious old lady, being asked her opinion of the organ of a church the first time she had ever seen or heard one, replied: "It is a pretty box of whistles, but it is an awful way to spend the Sabbath!"

"Do you like fish-balls, Mr. Wiggins?" Mr. Wiggins, hesitatingly—"I really don't know, miss; I never recollect attending one."

PEEPING THROUGH THE BLINDS.

In place of books, or work, or play.
Some ladies spend the livelong day
In scanning every passer-by,
And many a wonder they descry.
They find among the motley crowd
That some are gay and some are proud,
That some are short and some are tall;
They get their information all
    By peeping through the blinds!

You walk the streets (at common pace),
You catch the outlines of a face;
The face seems strange; again you look;
Dear Sirs, she knows you like a book!
She knows the color of your hair,
The very style of clothes you wear;
She knows your business, I'll be bound,
And all your friends the country round,
    By peeping through the blinds!

She knows the Smiths across the way,
And what they dine on every day;
And thinks that Miss Matilda Jane
Is growing very proud and vain.
She knows the Browns at Number Four,
Just opposite her very door;
Folks quite as poor as they can be,
For don't they sit and sew while she
    Is peeping through the blinds?

Dear ladies, if you don't succeed
In gaining knowledge that you need,
Then at your window take your seat,
And gaze into the busy street;
Full soon you'll read your neighbors well,
And can their tastes and habits tell,
And know their business to a T,
Much better than your own, you see,
    By peeping through the blinds.

A lady who has a great horror of tobacco got into the New Haven cars the other day, and inquired of a male neighbor: "Do you chew tobacco, Sir?" "No, ma'am, I don't," was the reply; "but I can get you a chaw if you want one."

FASHIONS.

Elegant longitudinal style of female dress is at present antipodean to the latitudinal extreme, lately in vogue. The skirt, or "scavenger," is long and sweeping—the street; and with which dirty stockings are indispensable. Its clinging effect to the figure is suggestive of having tumbled into the water and walking about until the clothes are dry.

Any gent desirous of keeping his boots clean has only to follow a lovely creature wearing the "scavenger," and he will find his path cleared of all kinds of filth. Wellington boots are making great strides among ladies, who wear them in *fine weather*.

That celestial tone of hair, ranging between the two tints observable in the carrot, is now being superseded (the knob at the back of the nob remaining) by the "Gipsy," or intense black.

On account of the increasing size of the knob, or "chignon," the bonnet is becoming "small by degrees, and beautifully less, and will no doubt become extinct."

Gents exhibit in their costume a weak *understanding*, the "tobacco pipe" trowsers giving the effect of "hardly a leg to stand on."

In some "cases" they re—veal *calves*, which would be all the better for "going to grass."

The "tobacco pipe" is of two very decided characters, the "walking" and the "sitting."

Should any gent, while dressed in the "walking," be indiscreet enough to attempt the "sitting," a burst of astonishment will ensue, which for obvious reasons need not be explained, and which will be greatly increased in effect by the brevity of the coat tails.

The hat which has ranged from the soup basin to the muffin will no doubt elongate into the chimney-pot style.

PAPER.

The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.

Paper for the "roughs"—sand-paper.

Paper containing many fine points—the paper of needles.

The paper that is full of rows—the paper of pins.

Papers illustrated with cuts—editoral exchanges.

Drawing paper—dentist's bills.

A paper that takes—a sheriff's warrant.

Ruled paper—the French press.

The lady who was driven out of her mind has since recovered a little bit, and given the reins to her fancy.

Wine is poison, and so is tea—
  But in another shape;
What matter whether one be killed
  By canister or grape?

The following is told of a Professor of Amherst College: A student was called to describe the peculiar characteristics of the shark. He was a fluent speaker, and answered at some length. "Incorrect!" said the Professor. Unwilling to acknowledge his ignorance, the student tried again. "Incorrect!" "Well, to tell the truth, Professor, I don't know any thing about it." "Correct!"

Remarkable Fishing.—All Angles who delight in angling will read with great interest the following account of Irish Fishing:

"In dragging a pond a formidable pike was landed measuring nearly eight feet in length; some others were likewise taken possession of—by the Police."

Ought a hair-dresser to be a Cook?—Certainly not.

Ought a gardener's wife to have any thing to do with rakes?—Hoe dear no!

A Providence boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk his mother took him to task with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming: "What in the world was you going to do with the milk any how?" I was going to steal a little dog to drink it," was the crushing reply.

BE WISE.

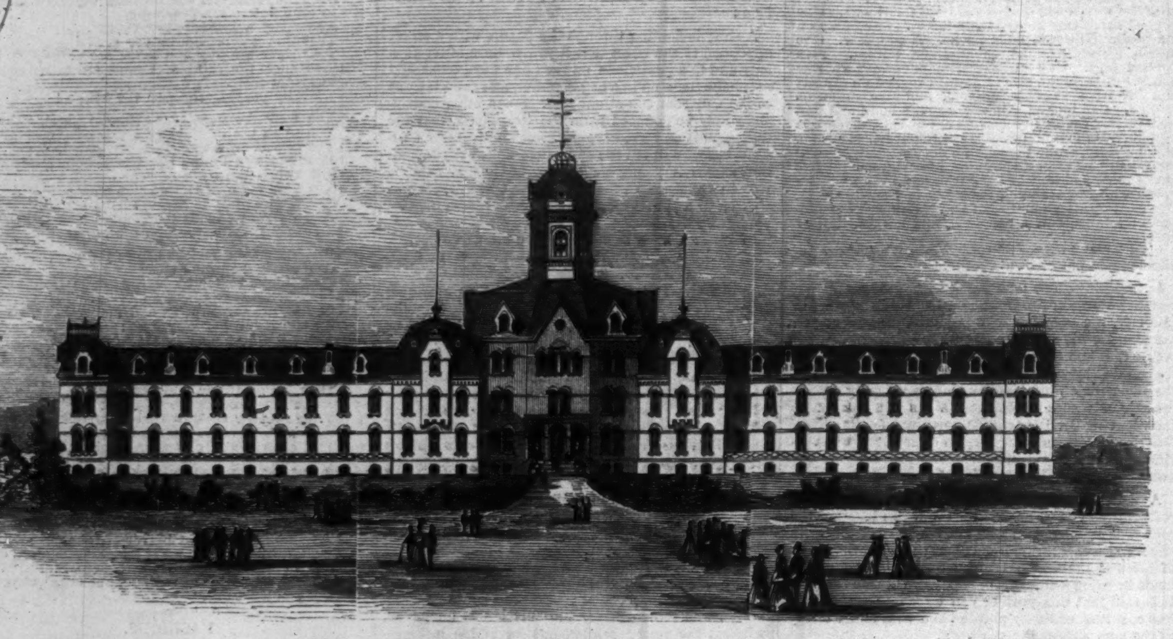
One more insane one,
  Ruined for life,
The reason a plain one,
  He's taken a wife

Loving him tenderly,
  This widow so fair,
Trim and so slenderly,
  Took him in snare.

Where was his father?
  Where was his mother?
Where was his sister?
  Where was his brother?
Or was there no sharper one
  Still than another?

For the bleak winds of March
  He cares not a staver,
But his wife's "frowning arch"
  Makes him tremble and shiver:
Once he looked boldly,
No matter how coldly
  Life's currency ran.
The girls he could wink at them,
Smile at, and think of them,
  Like a gay single man;
His miseries now shrink at them—
  Be wise! wise when you can.

By a Money-Lender.—If "distance lends enchantment to the view," what interest per annum does it charge for the accommodation?"



NEW GERMAN HOSPITAL, NEW YORK CITY.

THE NEW GERMAN HOSPITAL.

This building will be complete in the early part of the ensuing month, when it will be opened to the public. It is situate on the grounds between Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh streets, and on Lexington and Fourth avenues. It is constructed on the principle of separate pavilions, and when fully completed will consist of seven buildings, the cost of which will be one million of dollars. Each pavilion will be 167 feet long, and 52 feet wide at the ends; and the centre, in which are the wards, will be 30 feet wide. The pavilions will have cellars, basements, first and second stories, with attics. The principal wards on the first and second stories will be 106 feet long by 27 feet wide and 16 feet high. They will accommodate 32 patients each, allowing 1431 cubic feet to each patient. At one end of the pavilions, adjoining the wards, will be the physicians' and nurses' rooms, convalescent and dining halls, pantry, linen-room, hoistway, and dumb-waiter, with a stairway six feet wide, with a platform at half the height of the story. At the opposite ends of the pavilions will be the other necessary closets, baths, and laboratories and janitories, which are separated from the wards by a lobby. The wards are to be heated by hot air. The basement is to be devoted to accident and ophthalmic wards, store-rooms, and examination apartments. The attic will be appropriated to private wards, attendants' rooms, tanks, and ventilating chambers. Each pavilion has a surgical operating ward. On each side of the first-floor of the pavilions will be balconies. There is a dead-house and *post-mortem* examination-rooms, with a *morgue*, etc. The building fronts on Seventy-seventh Street. It is in the Rhenish style, with a slated Mansard roof, and a high dome on the central building.

The front is of Philadelphia brick, and the cornices and windows of cream-colored stone from Ohio. Mr. **Carl Pfeiffer**, of No. 6 Broad Street, is the architect, and has been highly successful in this design, as also in others of a similar nature intended for charitable purposes. The funds for the erection of this Hospital were raised by private subscriptions of the German citizens. Other nationalities will be welcomed, and no exclusiveness will be tolerated. Mr. **Mark Eidlitz** is the mason, **Haviliah Smith & Son** the carpenters, and the firm of **H. H. Craigue** has the plumbing-work. The annexed sketch of the building will more adequately illustrate the plans and designs.

THE WORTH MONUMENT.

New York is noticeably deficient in its monuments; there are not more than a dozen statues or other memorial works of art in the city, and few of those are of special value. Among the most interesting is the Worth Monument, which we illustrate on this page, and which is located at the intersection of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, in front of Madison Square. It was erected several years since to the memory of General **William Jenkins Worth**, a distinguished officer during the war of 1812, and one of the heroes of the Mexican war, winning great distinction at Monterey and Molino del Rey. His remains lie beneath the monument erected in his honor.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

Antioch College is situated at Yellow Springs, Ohio—a town which boasts the most romantic and beautiful scenery in the southern portion of the State. The College buildings are said to be the finest educational buildings west of the Alleghanies.

The College is chiefly known to the outside world through its first president—**Horace Mann**. In the fullness of his fame and powers he entered upon the work of founding a broad, scholarly, religious, though unsectarian, institution in the West which should provide equal opportunities for the education of both sexes, and that should thoroughly discard the system of prizes and class-honors on which the older Colleges rely so much. Hampered as he was by financial mismanagement and failure, hard-beset by ignorance and bigotry, he lived long enough to make the infant College a noble success, and to lay the West and the country under lasting obligations.

He was succeeded by Rev. Dr. **Hill**, whose eminent fitness for such an academic post was attested three years afterward by his being called to the presidency of Harvard University, in which position he still remains.

In 1865, the Unitarian friends of the College, under the lead of Rev. Dr. **Bellows** and Rev. E. E. **Hale**, assured its success by furnishing it an endowment of $100,000.

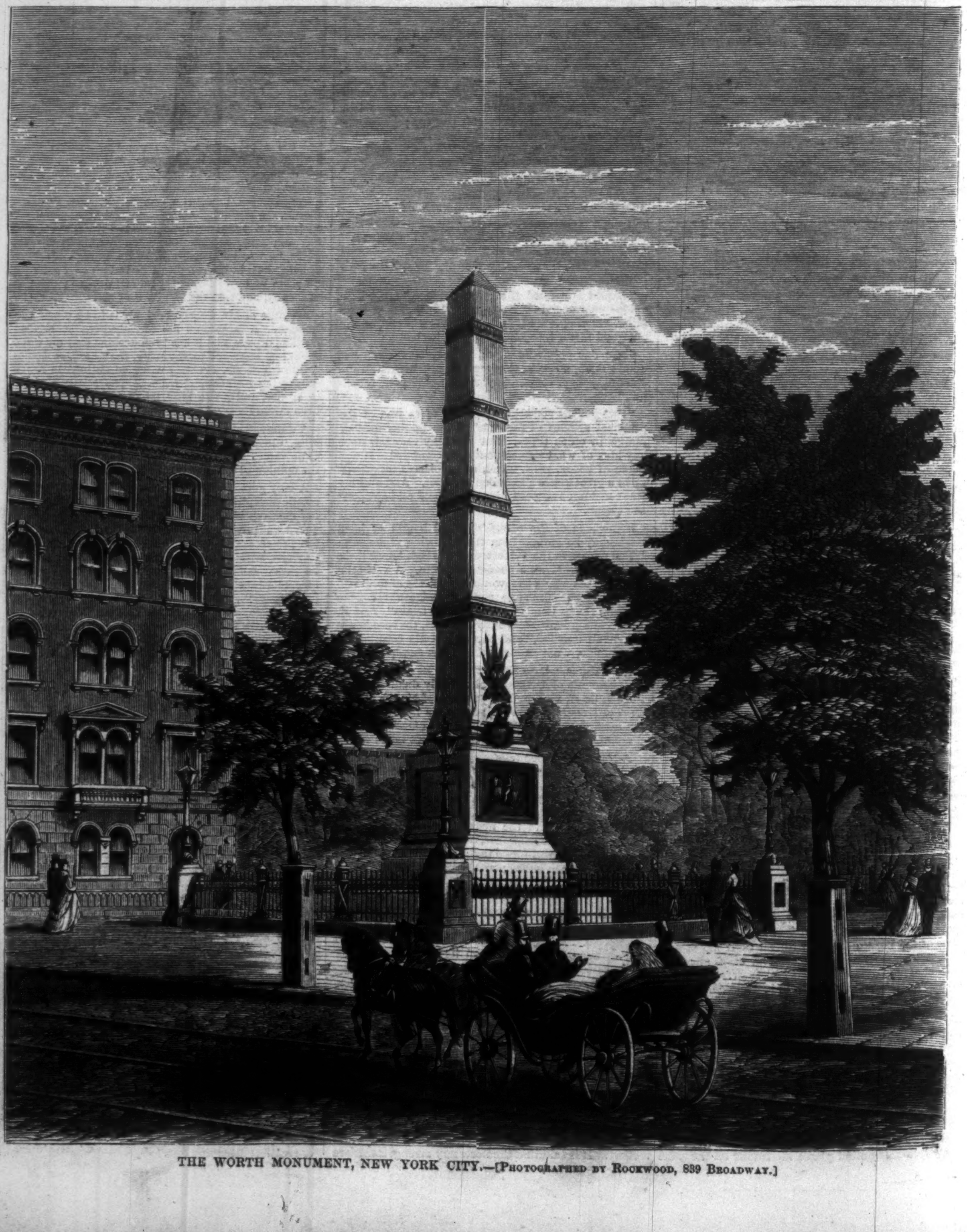
In 1866 Rev. **George W. Hosmer**, D.D., was called from an honored pastorate in Buffalo of thirty years' duration to the Presidency of the College. The first years of his administration give the happiest omens of success.

To meet more fully the wants of the community, Antioch College adds to its higher course of study a Preparatory School, in which students are fitted thoroughly for the College classes, or are carried on in the various branches of common and scientific education. Its services in this department are scarcely less than in any other.

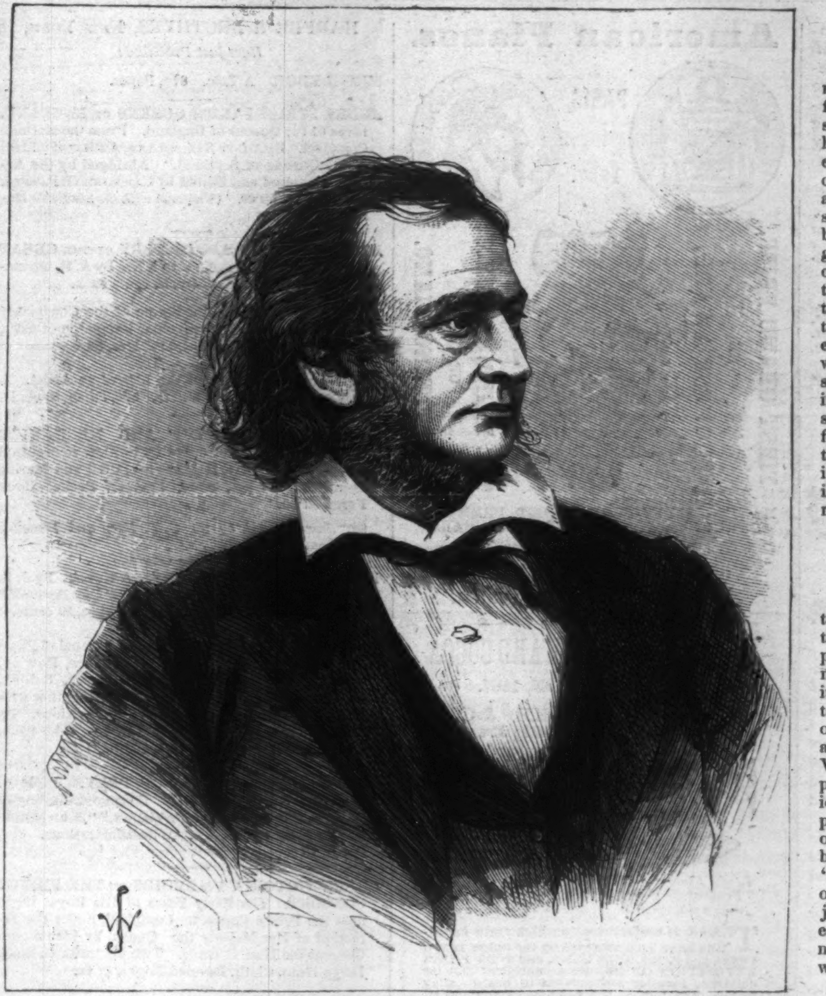
THE LATE SURROGATE BRADFORD.

Alexander Warfield Bradford, late Surrogate of New York, died on the morning of November 5, aged 53 years. The loss of few men in the community will be more widely felt or lamented. As a private citizen, an eminent lawyer, and the firm supporter of the Union and of freedom, he had become equally distinguished; while his ready benevolence and general good-will endeared him to a wide circle of friends.

Judge **Bradford** was born in Albany, in this State, in the spring of 1815; he was the eldest son of the Rev. **John Bradford** of that city, and at an early age developed a mind of no common order. After completing his primary studies he was entered as a student in Union College, Schenectady, in 1832, where he graduated in 1835, receiving his diploma as Master of Arts and of LL.D. in 1852, at which time he was elected a trustee, a position he filled up to the time of his death. He was also a trustee of Columbia College for some years. After leaving college the deceased removed to this city, where he engaged in the study of law, with the view of adopting it as a profession. In 1838 he graduated, receiving his degree in the Superior Court, and immediately commenced the practice of the law. This position he filled with considerable success, and in 1843 was elected Corporation Attorney, discharging the important duties of the office with ability and honor. In 1848 Mr. **Bradford** was chosen as Surrogate of the city and county of New York, which office he filled with honor to himself and satisfaction to the whole community until the year 1858, when he was elected a member of the Legislature. After serving out his regular term he resumed his profession in this city, and again became engaged in a lucrative practice, which he retained until his death, at which time he was trustee of Union



THE WORTH MONUMENT, NEW YORK CITY.—[Photographed by Rockwood, 839 Broadway.]



THE LATE SURROGATE, A. W. BRADFORD, OF NEW YORK.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD, 839 BROADWAY.]

College, member of the Historical Society, vestry-man of Trinity Church, and president of the Law Institute of this city.

He entered into public affairs at a very early period of his life, and before his majority was known as one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the old Whig party. He was for many years the chairman of the Whig committee.

As Surrogate, Mr. **BRADFORD** lent dignity to the office. His learning, prudence, and humanity, joined to unspotted integrity, made him the most eminent of all those who have filled that important station. His decisions, indeed, are looked upon as the foundation of American Ecclesiastical Law. They were prepared with great labor and research, and unite every where an equitable interpretation of the strict observance of the well-established rules of legislation. In early life he published a work upon "American Antiquities," which drew considerable attention at the time, and which is still one of the authorities upon that subject. He was always fond of literature, particularly of poetry and romance, and would perhaps have excelled in the path of letters had he not given his chief energies to his profession.

THE BEST IRON FOR MAKING STEEL.

SINCE the close of the war the attention of mining speculators has been turned to the South, and several prominent ones have been severely bitten in Georgia and North Carolina gold-mining ventures. The speculators almost invariably indulge in the stocks of *gold*-mining companies; and it is a fact that immense and valuable mining fields of the baser metals in the very heart of the thickly-settled States have been almost totally neglected for the pursuit of gold in distant countries. In Iowa alone it is estimated that there is a mining field of lead at least seventy miles square as yet untouched; and Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, and Wisconsin, are full of iron and copper ore.

Many years ago Dr. William Scoresby, the celebrated Arctic explorer, stated that he believed that the truest test for ascertaining the best kind of iron for making steel was this: Draw out of any given number of specimens small, thin bars, about six inches long by half an inch in width, and have them as nearly as convenient of equal weight. They are then to be tested with a magnet, and the piece that adheres with the most tenacity will answer the highest requirements of a cutler who produces the best cutting instruments. If a process so simple is an infallible guide, it is worth while to give a wide circulation to the discovery, as it would save useless expenditures of money and manual labor in attempts to develop qualities in the iron of one locality which do not belong to it, but which may exist in that of other sections of our great mineral country. Steel is rapidly taking the place of iron in a variety of ways where it was once hardly contemplated, and the better the quality the more economical in whatever manner it may be used, whether in railroads, war-ship platings, or in surgical instruments.

MARKET MANAGEMENT.

EVER since this world began marketing has been a chief source of vexation to mankind; and it seems too that, for the same length of time, "how to manage markets" has been a troublesome question to municipalities and even nations. A late report of the Citizen's Association of New York shows how the Metropolitans are swindled and abused in their markets, and calls loudly for reform. Perhaps New York may learn a lesson from some of the cities of ancient times. No municipal governments took more unwearied pains than the citizens of Athens in the palmy days of ancient Greece to regulate their markets. There were five officers appointed by the people to watch over the every-day transactions in the markets in the city and five at the Peiræus, the port, five miles distant, who walked constantly from morning till night, armed with whips, to punish on the spot any unjust transactions or violations of the market regulations. They were called *agoranomoi* or market inspectors. To assist them in carrying out measures required by them for preserving the peace and suppressing tumults which were frequently occurring in those active foci of trade, there was a municipal police guard of Scythians, 1000 strong, always encamped in tents near the principal market-house, not far from the temple of Theseus, entirely supported at the expense of the city, who never flinched or hesitated to grapple with mobs the moment their services were commanded by the inspectors. Cheating by false weights, measures, or vending unwholesome articles, decayed, putrid, or calculated to impair the public health, were severely punished immediately on discovery. There was no primary examination before a justice; entering under bonds and then a long indictment, a trial by jury, and, lastly, non-conviction by the influence of money, as in our boasted age of civilization. We might originate a better system; but still that of the Athenians would, if adopted and enforced by Superintendent Kennedy's two thousand Scythians, improve the status of the New York markets.

SUNRISE AND SUNSET LIGHT.

SINGULAR as it may appear in this epoch of science-made-easy, no satisfactory explanation has been given for the red-glowing splendor of sunset and sunrise. Philosophers have puzzled themselves exceedingly with an expectation of either explaining the phenomenon upon well-known principles, or, at least, framing a theory that would meet general approval. But, thus far, they have not succeeded in either. On the whole, however, it must be admitted that the transmission of light through an aqueous vapor must produce modifications of the prismatic rays, and to some extent, perhaps, may account for the varying tints observable at morning and evening, when the atmosphere is apparently remarkably clear. If the sun looks red through smoked glass, a condition of the clouds above or an atmosphere laden with vapor might produce very nearly the same phenomena. Varying shades of light must necessarily be due to the presence of matter of some kind mingled with the air above, and the change of particles, by whatever force, would of course vary the direction of the rays of light, and consequently a tint or shade of color would follow, resulting from an actual mechanical cause; and hence, if some mathematical genius has the patience to find out how many sides of reflecting surface an atom of aqueous vapor possesses, then there will be less difficulty in solving the foregoing rather difficult and perplexing and interesting problem.

MULTIPLICATION OF CONVENIENCES.

YANKEE ingenuity and invention have furnished such multitudes of convenient things for facilitating or saving labor that there is perhaps some danger of having nothing left for human hands to do. We have novel machines for every conceivable operation which formerly not only required personal manipulation but brains also. We now sew, knit, turn, plane, saw, ride, sail, black boots, brush the head, knead bread, bake, boil, churn, make cheese, reap fields, cut grass, and thrash grain by ingenious mechanical contrivances; and from appearances, according to the latest report of the Patent Office, very little will soon remain for human beings to undertake. Church organs already go by water-power, and doctors, too, by scores attack diseases with that potent element both hot and cold. As soon as preaching is carried on by a patent-right improvement upon the old method of putting some congregations to sleep the sturdiest stickler for the good old times of our plodding forefathers will be compelled to acknowledge that the ingenuity of man has sought out about as many inventions as are profitable, convenient, or economical in this age of advancing civilization.

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

A GRAVE question has been agitated for a long time in this country, which is beginning to move the social elements in Europe, respecting the propriety of having medicines prescribed by female medical practitioners. While some argue against it as a monstrous perversion of professional custom, others have the independence to say a dose of medicine may produce its specific effects just as well when given by a doctress as a doctor. Very much the same kind of warfare has been proclaimed by medical colleges against the medical education of ladies, as the alopaths have practiced toward the new school of innovators on the good old monopolists, by the homeopathic brotherhood. "Off with their heads," is the cry; "no one has any business to be progressive in our department of science." That was the objection to Gallileo. He disturbed the learned expositors of the Mosaic cosmogony when he announced the sun to be a common centre about which the earth revolved.

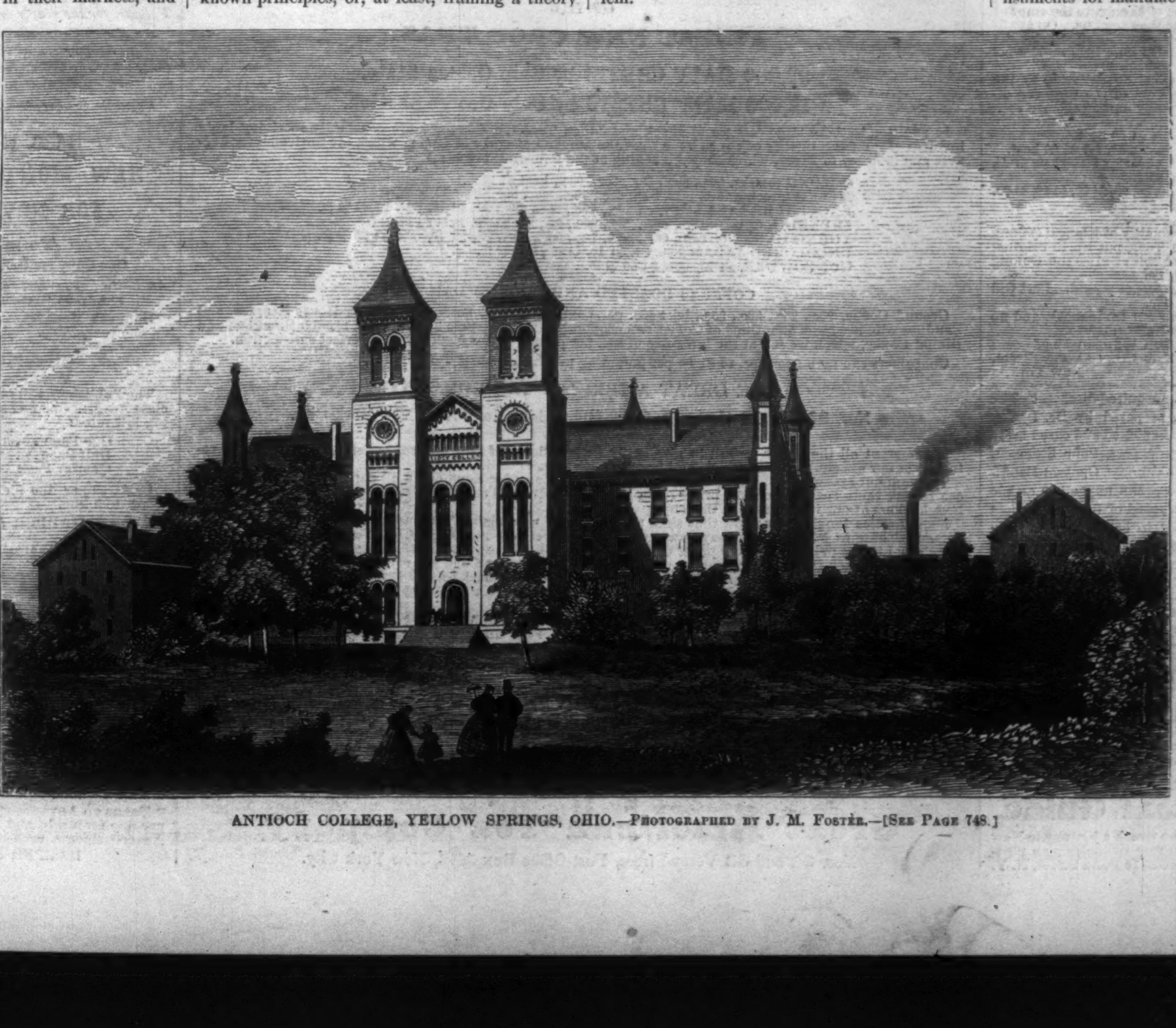
Notwithstanding the most determined hostility to the demands of the age for female physicians, institutions for their educational preparation for professional rssponsibilities are rapidly multiplying. The ball first began to move in the United States, and now a female medical college is in successful operation in old fogy medical London, where the favored monopolizers of physic and surgery were resolved to keep out all new ideas in their line by acts of parliament. But, alas! the ice-walls of opposition have melted away, and even in Russia a woman has graduated with high medical honors. Female physicians are increasing rapidly, and their services are sought for by their own sex, as they should be, with thankful hearts for such balm in Gilead.

DECAYED TEETH.

IN Dr. Allen's "Physical History of Various Nations" attention is called to a means of preserving teeth, which is at once so simple and important that it can not be omitted from the *Weekly*, and ought to have general circulation in every paper of the country anxious to diffuse useful as well as entertaining information.

"In 1860," says the learned dentist, "there were in the United States 13,868 milling establishments for manufacturing flour and meal, requiring 27,620 men, at an annual cost of $8,731,391—all for the sole purpose of bolting out of the grain the material which contains the essential chemical materials which form human teeth! The result of ignoring the bran, which is retained partially in Graham bread, is a prominent cause," he continues, "of the national calamity of bad teeth, of which twenty million are lost yearly. There are not far from nine thousand dentists in successful practice in all the States and territories, who, besides extracting the 20,000,000 of teeth, are using annually, it is conjectured, all of two millions of dollars of gold in filling prematurely - decayed ones, and furnishing solid foundations for artificial ones. The fees of that profession depend on the reputation of the operator; but their charges, on the average, far exceed those of the surgeon or physician."

By our mode of subsistence on bread deprived of the tooth element, in connection with a scrofulous, hereditary tendency to an early decay of the front teeth in



ANTIOCH COLLEGE, YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M. FOSTER.—[SEE PAGE 748.]

many families, especially in females, it should engage the thoughtful consideration of mothers, if no one else, to ascertain whether it does not behoove them to commence a revolution in the nursery, that their children may not be as unfortunate as thousands of themselves in losing their teeth. Give children plain food, plenty of milk, fruit, and vegetables, with open outdoor exercise—that is the first process.

The health of my friend is improving. I consider Hoff's Malt Extract as the most certain remedy for diseases of the lungs. C. H. Blecken, M.D., of Redwing. Depot, 542 Broadway, New York.

For brown discolorations, called Moth and Freckles, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, prepared by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mettam's Galvano-Electro-Metallic Insoles, Belts, and Armlets.

For the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Cold Feet, and all diseases of the Blood and Nerves. Send for a Circular. LORIN BROOKS & SONS, Boot and Shoe Dealers, 434 Broadway, New York, Sole Agents.

Dr. McLANE'S

Celebrated Vermifuge and Liver Pills.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. FLEMING BROS., Proprietors of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE and LIVER PILLS, in this Number.

These justly celebrated remedies have been before the public for the past thirty years, during which time they have been thoroughly tested in every way, and in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and have given universal satisfaction.

McLANE'S LIVER PILLS are not recommended as cure-alls, but simply for Liver Complaints, all Bilious Diseases, Sick Headaches—for Chills and Fevers, and for derangements of the Liver.

McLANE'S VERMIFUGE is only recommended for the removal of Worms. This preparation has long been celebrated for its extraordinary power in this respect. It is also said to be an infallible cure for that terrible pest, the Tape-Worm. If the symptoms described, either for Liver Complaints or for Worms, have been or are now experienced by any, try the medicines. They can be had at all respectable Drug Stores.

Twenty-five cents expended in this way may obviate the necessity of paying many Dollars for Doctors' Bills.

TEAS
THE GREAT UNITED STATES TEA WAREHOUSE
T. Y. KELLEY & CO.
30 Vesey St.
NEW-YORK.
TRADE MARK

Are now supplying families throughout the country with TEAS, warranted in all cases perfectly pure as imported, at cargo prices, thus saving to them five or six profits of middle-men, which average from 50 cents to $1 00 per pound. Clubs can be formed in any city or town, by any person, male or female, and to such as will take the trouble we will furnish them Teas and Coffees for their own use free of charge, to the amount of five per cent. on each order they send us. On application, we send, by mail, circulars containing price list of all our Teas and Coffees, also club lists and terms to Agents in detail.

We forward all goods, collect on delivery, by the Express Company, and members of the Club can divide the Express charges equally among themselves.

Price List.

Oolong (black), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00 best.
Mixed (green and black), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00 best.
Young Hyson (green), 60, 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 25.
Imperial (green), 90, $1 00, $1 25.
English Breakfast (black), 70, 80, 90, $1 00, $1 10, $1 20.
Japan, 90, $1 00, $1 25.
Gunpowder, $1 25, $1 50.

We import a very superior quality of Kiangsi Oolong and Moyune Young Hyson Teas, put up in original Chinese packages, which we sell at $1 30 the Oolong and $1 60 the Young Hyson, per package.

Ground Coffees, 20c., 25c., 30c. per pound. Best Old Government Java, ground, 40c.

All goods put up by us bear our trade mark, and no others are genuine. Address all orders to

Great United States Tea Warehouse of
T. Y. KELLEY & CO., 30 Vesey Street,
P. O. Box 574. New York.

Has Nature an antidote for acquired diseases? The PLANTATION BITTERS, prepared by Dr. Drake, of New York, have no doubt benefited and cured more persons of Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Sour Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Sinking Weakness, General Debility, and Mental Despondency, than any other article in existence. They are composed of the purest roots and herbs, carefully prepared, to be taken as a tonic and gentle stimulant. They are adapted to any age or condition of life, and are extensively popular with mothers and persons of sedentary habits.

Magnolia Water.—A delightful toilet article—superior to Cologne, and at half the price.

Agents Wanted.

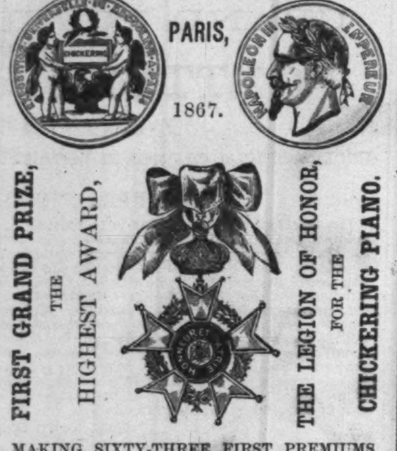
AGENTS WANTED for a new illustrated and very popular work on Natural History, of fascinating interest and novel character: a work that appeals to every family. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

New Medical Guide,

Giving important information worth a journey to New York on foot to obtain, sent free by inclosing a postage stamp to Dr. LAWRENCE, 14 Bond Street, N. Y.

American Pianos.



MAKING SIXTY-THREE FIRST PREMIUMS DURING THE PAST FORTY-FOUR YEARS.

WAREROOMS:
652 Broadway, New York;
246 Washington St., Boston.

BAKER'S CHOCOLATE AND COCOA

PARIS EXPOSITION, 1867.

Leaf, Flower and Fruit of the Cocoa with a pod opened.

W. BAKER & CO'S
American, French,
Homœopathic
and
VANILLA CHOCOLATE
PREPARED COCOA,
BROMA,
Cocoa Paste, Homœopathic Cocoa, Cocoa Shells, Cracked Cocoa, etc.

THESE Manufactures, to which first premiums have been awarded by the chief institutes and fairs of the Union, and at the PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1867, are an excellent diet for children, invalids and persons in health, allay rather than induce the nervous excitement attendant upon the use of tea or coffee, and are recommended by the most eminent physicians.

For sale by the principal Grocers in the United States.

WALTER BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, - - - Mass.

WATERS' PIANO-FORTES,

Grand, Square, and Upright; Melodeons; Parlor, Church, Gem, and Cabinet Organs—the best manufactured—to let, and rent applied if purchased; monthly installments received. Second-hand pianos at great bargains. Factory and Warerooms, No. 481 Broadway, New York. HORACE WATERS & CO.

ARTIFICIAL EARS for the Deaf. Can be concealed. Send to E. HASLAM, 266 Broadway, New York, for a descriptive Pamphlet.

The Craig Microscope magnifies 10,000 times. Renders animalcules, blood globules, insect and floral minutiæ, *trichina spiralis*, &c., visible. Suitable for holiday ev'gs. *Mailed for $2 75. Prepared objects, $1 50 a doz. Wholesale terms liberal.* Address John Hall, Bergen, Hudson Co., N. J., or at 77 Nassau St. (room 27, rear), New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have just Published:

STONE EDGE. A Tale. 8vo, Paper.

AGNES STRICKLAND'S QUEENS of ENGLAND. Lives of the Queens of England. From the Norman Conquest. By Agnes Strickland, Author of "Lives of the Queens of Scotland." Abridged by the Author. Revised and Edited by Caroline G. Parker. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00. (*Uniform with the Student's Histories.*)

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY of the GREAT REBELLION. Nos. XVI. to XX. By A. H. Guernsey and H. M. Alden. 4to, 30 cents each.

Part I. (from the Beginning of the Conspiracy to the Close of the Peninsular Campaign of 1862), ready. 4to, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $6 00.

CIRCE; or, Three Acts in the Life of an Artist. A Novel. By Babington White. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

HASWELL'S ENGINEERS' AND MECHANICS' POCKET-BOOK. Twenty-first Edition, revised and enlarged. By Chas. H. Haswell, Civil and Marine Engineer. 663 pp., 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00.

☞ *Just adopted by the U. S. Navy and Treasury Departments.*

THE TENANTS OF MALORY. A Novel. By J. S. Le Fanu, Author of "Uncle Silas," "Guy Deverell," "All in the Dark," &c., &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

WOOD'S PHYSICAL EXERCISES. Manual of Physical Exercises: Comprising Gymnastics, Rowing, Skating, Fencing, Cricket, Calisthenics, Sailing, Swimming, Sparring, and Base Ball; together with Rules for Training and Sanitary Suggestions. By William Wood, Instructor in Physical Education. With 125 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

MISS BRADDON'S BIRDS OF PREY. Birds of Prey. A Novel. By M. E. Braddon, Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Eleanor's Victory," "John Marchmont's Legacy," &c., &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MEMOIRS of THE PRINCE CONSORT. The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Compiled, under the Direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieutenant-General the Hon. C. Grey. Two Portraits on Steel. Large 12mo, Cloth, Beveled Edges, $2 00.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above Works by Mail, postage free, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the Price.*

"GOOD READING FREE!" New subscribers to the PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1868, at $3 a year, will get Nov. and Dec. Nos. Free. Subscribe at once. Address S. R. WELLS, Editor, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make all kinds of Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Cosmetics, Candies, Wines, Cordials, Soaps, Dyes, and hundreds of other articles in daily demand. Easily made, and sold at large profits. Sent postpaid for 25 cents, by O. A. ROORBACH, No. 122 Nassau St., N. Y.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, Parkman, Ohio.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS

22,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship Golden State,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by Ship George Shotton.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivaled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

OOLONG (black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
MIXED (green and black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
YOUNG HYSON (green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
UNCOLORED JAPAN 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

COFFEES ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

Ground Coffee, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c. per pound. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-House Keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 00 per pound by purchasing their Teas of

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St. (Post-Office Box, No. 5643), New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The funds to pay for the goods ordered can be sent by drafts on New York, by post-office money orders, or by express, as may suit the convenience of the club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed $30, we will, if desired, send the goods by Express to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N.B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are *bogus* or *imitations*. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-Office orders and drafts make payable to the order of the Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, Post-Office Box 5643, New York City.

FIRST PREMIUM,
AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, 1867,
has been awarded to
THE HADLEY COMPANY
for
HADLEY AND HOLYOKE SPOOL COTTON,
for general superiority over all other cottons sold in this market.
A. T. STEWART & CO.,
General Agents,
NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND PHILADELPHIA.

EMPLOYMENT! $10 A DAY and expenses paid. Circulars *free*. O. T. GAREY, Biddeford, Me.

$225 A MONTH! 15 new articles for Agents. Address H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A REPOSITORY OF

Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

HARPER'S BAZAR, the publication of which has just been commenced by Harper & Brothers, is an Illustrated Weekly Journal, devoted to Fashion and Household Literature.

It is the first Weekly Journal of Fashion ever published in the United States. By arrangements which the Publishers have perfected, at great cost, with the most celebrated European Fashion Journals—particularly with the well-known *Bazar* of Berlin—Illustrations of Fashions for each week of the year will appear in Harper's Bazar simultaneously with their publication in Paris and Berlin: an advantage which will belong exclusively to this Journal.

In a country where *Three Hundred Millions of Dollars* are annually expended for dry-goods, to be transformed into Articles of Dress, trustworthy and practical instructions as to the most tasteful and economical methods of fashioning these articles become of the greatest value to American women. The Bazar will contain full and explicit Instructions, with Illustrations, which will enable every Lady Reader to cut and make her own and her children's entire wardrobe, with a large portion of her husband's. Each alternate Number will be accompanied with large Pattern Plates, containing from Forty to Fifty full-sized Patterns, applicable to every article of wardrobe made in the family, with the necessary Directions for cutting and making. Similar Illustrations and Descriptions of Fancy Work will also be furnished. These Patterns will be executed in Paris and Berlin, and will surpass any thing of the kind hitherto produced in this country. Frequently an elegant Colored Fashion Plate will be presented with the paper. Practical Descriptions will also be given of the Fashions especially in vogue in New York—the centre of Fashion in America.

Harper's Bazar, besides being the leading Fashion Journal in this country, will also aim to present before its readers the very best specimens of Household Literature. It will contain original and selected Serial Stories, Poetry, Novelettes, Articles on the Topics of the Day (excluding Politics), on Books, Art, Morals, Familiar Science, Education, Amusements, Hygiene, Etiquette, Housekeeping, Gardening, with Home and Foreign Gossip. No subject of household interest will be excluded from its columns.

In the first Number of the Bazar will be commenced a Novel, entitled "The Cord and the Creese; or, The Brandon Mystery," by James De Mille, Esq., Author of "The Dodge Club." This Novel has been read in manuscript by several of our most competent critics, who unanimously pronounce it, in point of interest of plot, variety of adventure, and graphic delineation of character, to be fully equal to any of the novels of Wilkie Collins.

Harper's Bazar will contain 16 folio pages, of the size of Harper's Weekly, printed on superfine calendered paper, and will be published weekly, at ten cents per single Number, or Four Dollars per Year.

☞ *Ladies in the Country will be supplied gratuitously through the mails with the* First Six Numbers of Harper's Bazar *upon written application to the Publishers.*

Postage, Five Cents for Three Months.

Single Subscribers will be supplied from the beginning to the end of the year 1868, which will complete the first Volume, for the yearly price of Four Dollars.

An Extra Copy will be supplied gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at Four Dollars each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for Twenty Dollars.

HARPER & BROTHERS.
Franklin Square, New York, October, 1867.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER, 1867.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . .	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of Five Subscribers, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 50 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

Terms to Advertisers.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.

500 MILES
OF THE
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,
RUNNING WEST FROM OMAHA
ACROSS THE CONTINENT,
ARE NOW COMPLETED.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company have built a longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever built by any other company in the same time, and they will continue the work with the same energy until it is completed. The Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacramento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is expected that

The Entire Grand Line

to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE, MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

Forty Million Dollars in Money

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution. The available means of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the Government and its own stockholders, may be briefly summed up as follows:

1. United States Bonds

Having thirty years to run, and bearing 6 per cent. currency interest, at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States take *a second lien* as security.

2. First Mortgage Bonds.

By its charter the company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the bonds issued by the Government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.* The Trustees for the bondholders are the Hon. E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senator from New York, and the Hon. Oakes Ames, Member of U. S. House of Representatives, who are responsible for the delivery of these bonds to the company in strict accordance with the terms of the law.

3. The Land Grant.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant, or *absolute donation* from the government, of 12,800 acres to the mile on the line of the road, which will not be worth less than $1 50 per acre at the lowest valuation.

4. The Capital Stock.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which over $5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made with responsible parties (who have already finished over 500 miles), at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. This price includes all necessary shops for construction and repairs of cars, depots, stations, and all other incidental buildings, and also locomotives, passenger, baggage, and freight cars, and other requisite rolling-stock, to an amount that shall not be less than $5000 per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific Company to be $90,000 per mile,

THE TOTAL COST OF ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES WILL BE AS FOLLOWS:

914 miles, at $68,058	$62,205,012
186 miles, at $90,000	16,740,000
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c.	4,500,000
Amount	$83,445,012

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the

AVAILABLE CASH RESOURCES FOR BUILDING ELEVEN HUNDRED MILES:

U. S. Bonds	$29,328,000
First Mortgage Bonds	29,328,000
Capital stock paid in on the work now done	5,369,750
Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at $1 50 per acre	21,120,000
Total	$85,145,750

The company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

Active inquiry has already been made for a portion of these lands, and arrangements are now proposed to offer a part of them for sale. The lands of the Illinois Central Railroad Company are selling at from $6 to $12 per acre, and other land-grant companies in the West are receiving equal prices for similar properties.

Future Business.

The most skeptical have never expressed a doubt that when the Union Pacific Railroad is finished the immense business that must flow over it, as the only railroad connecting the two grand divisions of the North American continent, will be one of the wonders of railway transportation; and as it will have no competitor it can always charge remunerative rates.

Earnings from Way Business.

During the quarter ending July 31, an average of 325 miles of the Union and Pacific Railroad was in operation. The Superintendent's Report shows the following result:

EARNINGS.	
Passengers, Freight, Telegraph, and Mails	$723,755 54
Transportation of Contractors' Materials and Men	479,283 41
Total	$1,203,038 95

EXPENSES.	
Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, &c	$395,530 92
NET EARNINGS to balance	807,508 03
Total	$1,203,038 95

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for the quarter, were $237,966 50. The account for the COMMERCIAL BUSINESS stands as follows:

Earnings for May, June, and July	$723,755 54
Expenses " " "	237,966 50
Net Profit	$485,789 04

The amount of Bonds the company can issue on 325 miles, at $16,000 per mile, is $5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at 6 per cent., on this sum, is $78,000; add 40 per cent. premium, to correspond with currency earnings, is $109,200—showing that the net earnings for this quarter were *more than four times the interest* on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

First Mortgage Bonds,

whose principal is so amply provided for, and whose interest is so thoroughly secured, must be classed among the *safest* investments. They pay

SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD,

and are offered for the present at NINETY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, and accrued interest at Six Per Cent. in Currency from July 1.

Many parties are taking advantage of the present high price of Government Stocks to exchange for these Bonds, which are over FIFTEEN PER CENT. CHEAPER, and, at the current rate of premium on gold, pay

Over Nine Per Cent. Interest.

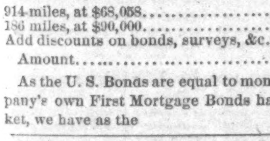
Subscriptions will be received in New York at the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau St., and by

CONTINENTAL NATIONAL BANK, 7 Nassau St.
CLARK, DODGE & CO., Bankers, 51 Wall St.
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, Bankers, 33 Wall St.,

and by the Company's advertised Agents throughout the United States, of whom maps and descriptive pamphlets may be obtained on application. Remittances should be made in Drafts, or other funds, par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express.

JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer,
October 28, 1867. New York.

Superior Imitation Gold Hunting Watches.
THE OROIDE WATCH FACTORY.



Oroide cases, a newly discovered composition, known only to ourselves, precisely like gold in appearance, keeping its color as long as worn, and as well finished as the best gold ones. These watches are made at our own Factory, from the best materials, of the latest and most approved styles, are jeweled, and well finished, with a view to the best results in regard to wear and time. For appearance, durability, and time, they have never been equaled by watches costing five times as much. Each one warranted by special certificate to keep accurate time. We are at present making watches only of the first quality; Price $15. Gentlemen's and Ladies' sizes. For this small sum any one can have an excellent watch, equal in appearance, and as good for time, as a gold one costing $150. Also, Oroide Chains, as well made as those of gold, from $2 to $6. Goods sent by express, to be paid for on delivery, *customers paying all Express charges.* **C. E. COLLINS & CO.**, 42 and 44 Nassau St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED

To engage in a highly lucrative employment. $5 to $20 made readily in a day by attention and industry. Send for Circular. Address B. W. HITCHCOCK, No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

MOORE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF MUSIC, Elementary, Technical, Historical, Biographical, Vocal, and Instrumental. In one large octavo volume of more than One Thousand Pages. Bound in Cloth. Price SIX DOLLARS. Sent postpaid. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, New York.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents.

DAVID WATSON, Ag't, Adams Press Co.,
26 Courtlandt Street, New York.

GOLD MEDAL PERFUMERY.

NAPOLEON III. awarded the Prize Medal, at the Paris Exposition, 1867, to R. & G. A. WRIGHT, for the best Toilet Soaps, Extracts, and Perfumeries. For sale by all the principal Druggists.

R. & G. A. WRIGHT, 624 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

PIERCE EGAN'S EXCITING NARRATIVE of his Adventures among the BRIGANDS OF ITALY, is now being published in

FRANK LESLIES'

Chimney Corner.

With No. 129 is given away a magnificent picture, 22 by 28, entitled STOP THIEF; OR, THE MONKEY'S GRIP. For sale by all Booksellers.

$15 a day. 1000 agents wanted. New business. No competition. Send stamp for circular. CORNLY, SWANDER & CO., 740 Sansom St., Philadelphia.

WORKING MODELS OF STEAM ENGINES, various styles and sizes. Illustrated Catalogues sent on receipt of a postage stamp by

O. A. ROORBACH, 122 Nassau St., New York.

"In the hours of our Happiness and Prosperity let us remember the Unfortunate and Disabled Soldiers who saved us a Country and a Nationality."—LINCOLN.

GRAND POPULAR MOVEMENT
TO ERECT THE
GETTYSBURG ASYLUM
FOR INVALID SOLDIERS,
UNDER A SPECIAL CHARTER FROM THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, PASSED MARCH 6, 1867.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

The object of this Association is to provide, by public exertion, a NATIONAL HOME for our disabled Soldiers, to erect an asylum for those who, in their patriotism have served their Country at the expense of their health and happiness; who, in the battle for the Nation's life were maimed, and are now incapable of working for their own maintenance. France has her Hotel Des Invalides where rest the ashes of the great Napoleon; England her Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, the former being one of the finest architectural structures ever devoted to charity. Russia, Prussia, and in fact, nearly all European Countries have magnificent retreats for the unfortunate Soldiers. Monarchies provide for the alleviation of the suffering caused by war, but free, prosperous, REPUBLICAN America has no place for her crippled and sick Soldiers but the county poor-house, or the sidewalks of her crowded cities. These noble patriots left happy homes to save our common country in the hour of her deep distress. We pledged to them our lasting gratitude, and now those who are dependent look to us in their utter need to redeem those pledges. They have performed their part—we enjoy the result of their sacrifices: we must not be recreant to our obligations. Let us each devote but a single dollar to this purpose, and the Gettysburg Asylum will afford the Soldiers a Home, and our Country will be honored by the noble Institution.

THE LAND HAS BEEN PURCHASED

By this Association, and Ten Thousand Dollars have already been paid toward the preservation of the Battle-Ground; about thirty acres (adjoining the site of General Meade's Headquarters) have been set apart for the uses of the Asylum.

EXTRACT FROM THE ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same,* That Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, Gen. Galusha Pennypacker, Gen. Horatio G. Sickel, General James A. Beaver, and George B. Bergen, or any three of them, and their associates and successors, be and they are hereby created a body politic and corporate, under the name, style, and title of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers, and by that name shall be able and capable in law to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, and to do all such other things as are incident to a corporation; *may acquire, hold,* and *dispose* of any *property* of *value* and *interest,* from *association* with the *late war,* or any *moneys, effects, property,* or *estate, real* or *personal,* whatever, either in this State or elsewhere, and hold public fairs, for the purpose hereinafter mentioned, at such time or times, upon such terms, and in *such way* and *manner whatsoever,* as to them shall seem fit, *any laws* of this Commonwealth to the contrary notwithstanding.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Whereas, the Supervisors of the Gettysburg Asylum for Invalid Soldiers have made due application to John H. Diehl, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Second Collection District of the State of Pennsylvania, for permission to hold a Gift Festival, and presented to him satisfactory evidence that the proceeds of said Gift Festival will be devoted to charitable uses;

Permission is hereby granted to the said Supervisors to hold such Gift Festival, exempt from all charge, whether from special tax or other duty in respect to said Gift Festival. E. A. ROLLINS *Commissioner.*

LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, *October 28th,* 1867.

Having labored for three years to erect a Home for our Crippled Veterans, and having passed a bill for that purpose in the New York Legislature incorporating some one hundred of our best citizens as directors—but under which bill no action has been had, from that time to this—and knowing the great and crying necessity of the case, the shame of leaving our disabled veterans to starve or beg, I hereby most cordially endorse your enterprise, and it shall have all the aid of my tongue, pen, and influence.

Very truly yours, CHAS. G. HALPINE.

Fully sympathizing with your great object, I tender you, gratuitously, the services of my Full Orchestra on the occasion of your Festival at Irving Hall. THEODORE THOMAS.

From the Postmaster General of the United States.

I recommend to all Postmasters that they shall aid this truly benevolent and patriotic enterprise.

A. W. RANDALL.

Being satisfied with the integrity of your enterprise, we cheerfully consent to display your diamonds at our establishment. BROWNE & SPAULDING, 568 and 570 Broadway.

October 25th, 1867.

We hereby certify that we have examined the Diamond Goods, Pearls, Emeralds, Rubies, and other precious Stones, as described in the list, and find them all genuine.

HENLE BROS., Diamond Importers, 26 Maiden Lane, New York.
J. HERMANN, Diamond Setter, 394 Broome Street, New York.

In order to promote public confidence in the highest degree, and for the furtherance of this great object, the Association has decided to place the $300,000 *Worth of Diamonds on public exhibition* at the large Jewelry Establishment of Messrs. Browne & Spaulding, under the Metropolitan Hotel, in the City of New York. The world-renowned *Yacht "Henrietta"* has also been purchased. The *Farm of 600 Acres* is located in Sullivan County, N. Y., and is one of the finest Stock Farms in the State; has a splendid Mansion, and is complete in every particular.

There will be 1,200,000 tickets issued at one dollar each, admitting the holders to both of the

GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVALS:

One at IRVING HALL, New York, Saturday evening, February 8, 1868, and one at HORTICULTURAL HALL, Philadelphia, Saturday evening, February 22, 1868, on which latter occasion

$641,950 in Valuable Presents

will be distributed among the Ticket-Holders, in accordance with the Charter and the following

SCHEDULE OF AWARDS.

No.	Award	Value
1.	1 Grand Cash Award	$100,000
2.	1 Splendid Farm (600 acres)	60,000
3.	1 Yacht, the famous "Henrietta"	50,000
4.	1 Diamond Necklace, 48 Brilliants	30,000
5.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
6.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings (all large diamonds)	25,000
7.	1 Diamond Brooch and Ear-rings	15,000
8.	1 Diamond Necklace, 28 Brilliants, Star Setting	8,000
9.	1 Diamond Necklace, 29 Brilliants	7,000
10.	1 Diamond Cross, set in Silver (large diamonds)	7,000
11.	1 Diamond Slide, 15 Brilliants	6,000
12.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
13.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	5,000
14.	1 Diamond and Pearl Cameo Bracelet, Brooch, and Ear-rings	5,000
15.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	4,000
16.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
17.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
18.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
19.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch and Ear-rings	4,000
20.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
21.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
22.	1 Diamond Single Stone Scarf Pin	4,000
23.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	4,000
24.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet	4,000
25.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	3,500
26.	1 Diamond Emerald Cluster Brooch	3,500
27.	1 Pearl Necklace	3,500
28.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,500
29.	1 Diamond Cross	3,000
30.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
31.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
32.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-rings	3,000
33.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
34.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
35.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Studs	3,000
36.	1 Diamond Brooch (in Silver)	3,000
37.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	3,000
38.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	3,000
39.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	3,000
40.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	2,500
41.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,500
42.	1 Diamond and Emerald Brooch	2,500
43.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
44.	1 Pearl Breast-Pin, Ear-Rings, and Head Ornament	2,500
45.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
46.	1 Diamond Cross	2,500
47.	1 Diamond and Emerald Ornament	2,500
48.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	2,500
49.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	2,000
50.	1 Diamond Cluster Stem Pin	1,500
51.	1 Single Stone Diamond Ring	1,500
52.	1 Diamond Cross	1,500
53.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Ear-Rings	1,500
54.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	$1,500
55.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	1,500
56.	1 Diamond Bracelet	1,500
57.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	1,500
58.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	1,500
59.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	1,500
60.	1 Choice Emerald Stud	1,500
61.	1 Single Stone Ring	1,500
62.	1 Single Stone Pin	1,500
63.	1 Cluster Brooch	1,500
64.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	1,500
65.	1 Pair Diamond Single Stone Ear-Rings	800
66.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	800
67.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
68.	1 Diamond Cluster Bracelet, Ear-Rings, and Pin	800
69.	1 Camel's Hair Shawl	800
70.	1 Diamond and Ruby Three Stone Ring	800
71.	1 Diamond and Emerald Cluster Ring	800
72.	1 Diamond Cluster Brooch	800
73.	1 Pair Diamond Cluster Studs	600
74.	1 Gent's Gold Watch and Heavy Chain	600
75.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring, Star setting	500
76.	1 Diamond Garnet Cluster Ring	500
77.	1 Diamond Single Stone Pin	500
78.	1 Emerald Knob	500
79.	1 Pair Diamond and Ruby Ear-Rings	500
80.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	400
81.	1 Diamond and Emerald Stem Pin	400
82.	1 Ladies' Diamond Set Watch	400
83.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	350
84.	1 Gold Watch	300
85.	1 Diamond and Opal Ring	250
86.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
87.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
88.	1 Diamond Three Stone Ring	150
89.	1 Diamond Single Stone Stud	150
90.	1 Pearl Scarf Pin	150
91.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	150
92.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	150
93.	1 Gent's Diamond and Amethyst Ring	150
94.	1 Diamond Cluster Pin	100
95.	1 Cameo & Pearl Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
96.	1 Cameo Brooch	100
97.	1 Diamond Single Stone Ring	100
98.	1 Diamond Cluster Ring	100
99.	1 Ladies' Gold Watch	100
100.	1 Coral Brooch and Ear-Rings	100
101.	1 Pair Garnet Sleeve Buttons	100
102.	1 Gold and Pearl Scarf Pin	50
103.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
104.	1 Emerald Scarf Pin	50
105—1104.	1000 Copies of the splendidly illustrated Presentation Work entitled the "Tribute-Book," at $20 each	20,000
1105—2104.	1000 Photograph Albums, at $5	5,000
	Also 120,000 Cash Presents, $1 each	120,000
	Making in the Aggregate 122,104 Presents, valued at	$641,950

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

Orders may be sent to us in registered letters or post-office orders, in sums from $1 to $25 at our risk. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following Club Rates:

Tickets		Price
5	Tickets to one address	$4 50
10	" "	9 00
20	" "	17 50
40	Tickets to one address	$35 00
50	" "	43 50
100	" "	85 00

Address all orders and communications to GETTYSBURG ASYLUM ASSOCIATION,
1126 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New York Office, 611 Broadway.